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LIBRARY OF TRAVEL

LITTLE JOURNEYS
TO
CHINA
AND
JAPAN









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A Little Journey to China

We are delighted to find that our journey to the Philippines has brought us near to China's shores. How we have longed to visit this wonderful country!

A few months ago such a visit would not have been possible, for China was at war with our nation and many of the nations of Europe. Our lives would have been in danger, and the journey to China might have been the last we should ever have taken.

You have heard of the Boxers of China, who killed so many foreigners and also many Christianized Chinese in the late revolution in that country. Do you know who these Boxers are? They are members of a secret patriotic society. They love their country, and want to prevent it from falling into the possession of foreigners. They believe that these foreigners have come to overthrow their government and to destroy their religion. They are also opposed to the ruling family in China, who are Manchus (Mǎn-chōōs'). These Manchus



A MANCHU WOMAN



THE WORK OF CHINESE ARTISTS AND ARTISANS

other people, but we shall find much in their country to interest and instruct us. They are very well satisfied with their manners and customs, their condition and their religion, and quickly resent any effort to change them.

They think it quite natural that we should wish to learn of them and their country, but they do not wish to learn of us. They do not like to have our teachers



VIEW ALONG THE HAN RIVER

and ministers go to them, and for hundreds of years refused to allow the people of other lands to visit their country. This dislike and distrust of foreigners has been taught them by their ancestors, who built a great wall about China to keep people out. This wall was

twelve hundred miles long, and was so well built that it is standing to-day, though over two thousand years old.

The Chinese proudly boast that their government is the oldest on the globe; that China was a nation five thousand years before the United States was born; that they have books from three to four thousand years old; that they used the printing-press a thousand years before it was used in Europe. More than four thousand years ago these people knew how to make brick from clay, how to build canals, how to sing, and play on musical instruments, how to write, and how to calculate the movements of the stars; also, they had domestic animals, cultivated the fields, and had forms of worship and government.

They know little of modern inventions and machinery, but they have a wonderful skill in handicraft, and their artists and artisans are in many lines not equaled by those of any other country.

They tell us, also, that their race numbers more than one-fourth of all the people on the globe, and that their territory includes more than 2,700,000,000 acres of ground, or 350,000,000 more than the United States.

The total area of the Chinese Empire is estimated at 4,278,000 square miles, divided up into: China Proper, 1,533,000; Mongolia, 1,093,000; Manchuria, 364,000; Tibet, 738,000; Sinkiang (Eastern Turkestan), 550,000.

The population is estimated at from 350,000,000 to 400,000,000, or from 270 to 300 persons to the square mile in China Proper. If the people of China were placed in line, two feet apart, they would reach around *the world nearly six times*. There are five cities having





over 1,000,000 inhabitants; six having between 500,000 and 1,000,000; and fourteen having over 100,000.

How does this compare with our country? How many cities of 1,000,000 inhabitants have we? How many cities of over 500,000 have we? And how many of over 100,000?

In a very short time, now, we shall see the Chinese flag, and perhaps find out what the dragon on it means.

We may be able to see how their dainty teacups are fashioned, how the tea plant looks while growing, and

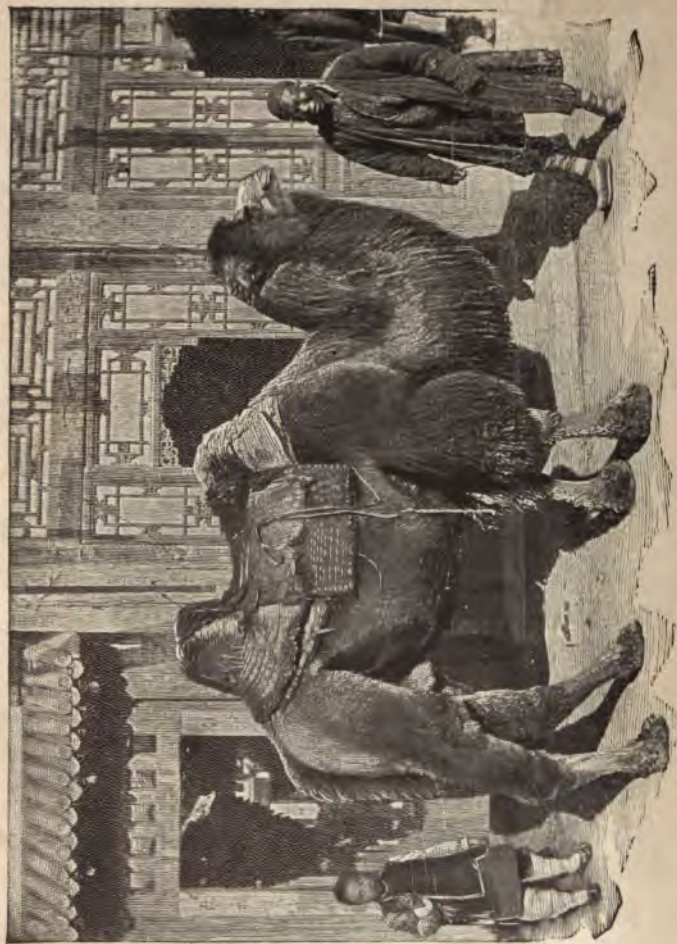


DRAGON SUPPOSED TO WARD OFF EVIL

learn how to make a cup of tea as well as a Chinaman can. Just think of a country that employs more than 100,000,000 workmen in the tea industry alone!

How strange it will seem to visit a land where the beast of burden is still the camel—as it was in the days of Solomon!

We may find many things that will appear strange and absurd to us, but the wise traveler learns to respect the opinions and customs of the people he visits, remembering that he is just as odd and as much an object of curiosity to them as they are to him.



A CHINESE PACK-CAMEL

Then, too, the people of other lands are apt to judge *all* the people of the United States by the few travelers whom they meet from our country. And since we represent our country, we ought to make friends for it wherever we can. To do this we must be considerate of those who serve us, and courteous to all.

SIGHT-SEEING IN SOUTHERN CHINA

HONGKONG

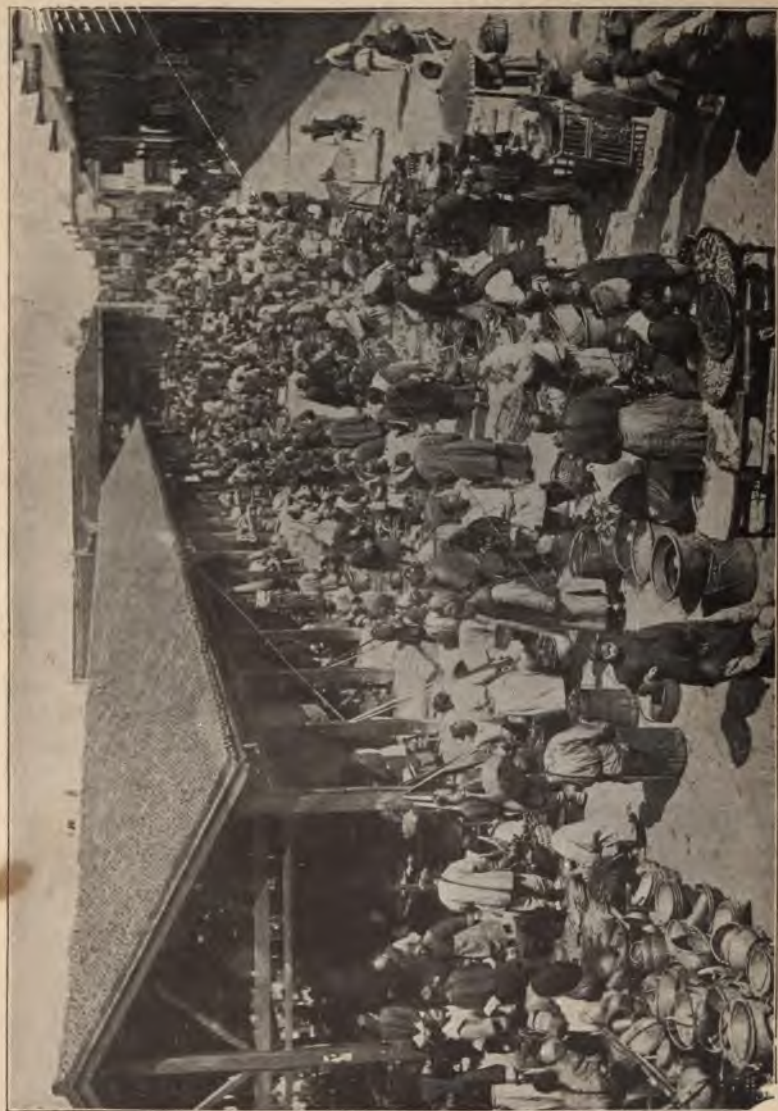
On our way back from Manila* we stop for a day at Hongkong (Hōng-kōng'), the English city in China which we found so full of interest on our way out. The harbor is alive, not only with trading vessels from up the Chinese coast and rivers and from foreign ports, but with some great war ships brought here by the Boxer troubles, as well as with England's troop ships.

Hongkong, we find, is the naval station for the British Asiatic fleet, and England maintains here a garrison of troops, an arsenal, docks, and foundries. England made war upon China, and took Hongkong Island, because the Chinese government objected to the sale of opium to Chinamen by English merchants.

As we walk about the streets we meet people from every quarter of the globe, and among its places of worship are Buddhist temples, Christian churches, Mohammedan mosques, Jewish synagogues, and Chinese pagodas (pá-gō'dás).

The shop windows and open bazaars tempt us with their quaint carved ivory and teakwood, their porcelain,

*See *Little Journey to the Philippines*.



MARKETPLACE

bamboo goods, silks, lacquer-work, crape and beautiful embroideries.

We look into the pawn-shops, native theaters, public gardens, government house, cathedral, and museum, take a ride on the esplanade, and then on the cable to the summit of Victoria Peak. Here a wonderful panorama spreads out before us—beautiful residences on the terraced hillsides, odd oriental buildings beside granite structures erected by Europeans, granite rocks and waterfalls near the sea, and in the harbor sampans and junks, river steamers and ocean steamers, and peaceful house-boats (which are the homes of twenty thousand people) not far away from the grim ships of war.

On our way back to our steamer we stop to see an old-fashioned way of making sheet-lead, so much of which is used to line tea-chests and boxes, and to wrap various articles both to keep in and keep out moisture. In Europe flat blocks of lead are run between powerful rollers—each set of rollers having less space between them than the preceding set—until the lead is pressed as thin as desired. But the Chinese workman softens his lead in an iron pan over his furnace, and, when it is hot enough, covers it with several layers of unsized paper, and then puts it under heavy tiles so that the weight will press the lead out thin enough for his purpose.

After a call to pay our respects to the English governor of the colony, who looks after the interests of his subjects, we take the steamer for a seven-hour ride (ninety miles) up Canton or Pearl River to the largest city in the Chinese Empire.

On the south bank of the Pearl River, as we go from Hongkong to Canton (Kān-tōn'), we pass Macao (Mä-kä'ō), the only Portuguese settlement on the Chinese coast. It was founded in 1557, on a little peninsula across the neck of which the Chinese built a wall to



RIVER FRONT AT CANTON

shut out the despised foreigners. It has about seventy thousand inhabitants, nearly all of whom are Chinese; some old forts and some attractive gardens. It is a sort of pleasure resort for the Hongkong merchants and their families. It is also a great port for the shipment of opium.

Macao is one of the greatest gambling places in the Chinese Empire, and gambling is a vice to which almost *every Chinaman* is addicted. The workman will

take the few *cash* intended to purchase his dinner, and throw dice with the street-restaurant keeper to determine whether he shall have a double dinner or go hungry; the beggar in the street will bet the clothing on his back; a man will bet the ox that cultivates his little patch of ground, the mother of his children, or his own daughter.

CANTON.

We are now approaching Canton ("City of Rams"), a city of 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 people, more than 100,000 of whom live in the junks in the river. Curious little round-faced, almond-eyed, yellow-skinned children, with black hair already in queues, peep out at us from their boat-homes as the ship goes by.

The captain of our steamer tells us that there are no hotels for foreigners in Canton, but that the vessel will remain at anchor long enough for us to visit objects and places of interest. But where shall we go first? And what shall we see among the many interesting things?

We look off from the ship, and as far as our eyes can reach along the river in either direction there seem to be thousands of sailing-craft of every imaginable character. We turn our gaze to the city. Its great walls, twenty feet thick and twenty-five to forty feet high, are six miles around, while its six hundred crooked streets from three to seven feet wide seem to make only a bewildering maze.

A guide and interpreter comes aboard and tells us of 125 temples or joss-houses—some of which are from 1,000 to 1,200 years old, and one of which covers seven

acres of ground. He mentions a pagoda five stories high; the Temple of the Five Hundred Gods; a famous water clock 800 years old; the Bund of the Shameen, a lovely promenade in the foreign quarter, shaded by banyan-trees; the Temple of Horrors, with great crowds of fortune-tellers and beggars; the Buddhist monasteries and nunneries with over 2,000 monks and nuns; the charming flower-boats; the Examination Hall; the Execution Ground; the City Prison; the Green Tea Merchants' Guild Hall; the immense go-downs, for storing the tea, silk, cassia, and sugar to be sent out of the country, and the cotton, wool, food-stuffs, metal goods, opium, and kerosene coming in; and the famous bazaars where quaint curios and native articles of every kind may be obtained.

Few foreigners are allowed to live inside the city of Canton. They reside mostly upon the Shameen, a small island connected with the city by two bridges. At the end of these bridges is a gate, which is closed at dusk and guarded. In fact, all business houses in Canton are required to be closed and securely protected against thieves by the time the sun goes down.

We get an early start ashore, where a sedan-chair, with a coolie (kōō'li), in the shafts at either end, is waiting for us. This is by far the most common mode of traveling in China. The streets are so narrow and irregular, being often terraced with steps the whole width of the street, that the wheelbarrow, cart, or jinrikisha, cannot be used in many of them.

The streets are swarming with people, the strangest that our eyes have ever looked upon. Yellow-skinned men, women and children, with slanting black eyes,

coal-black hair, and broad, flat noses, are all about us. Some of the men have on long gowns of bright silk, and satin caps; others are dressed in blue cotton shirts and trousers; others have few clothes of any kind. The men and boys have their heads shaved, with the exception of a spot on the crown, from which a braid of hair hangs down the back. This braid is called a queue. Some of the workmen tie their queues up, in order to get them out of the way.

The women are bare-headed and wear coats of red and blue and green and purple, with gay-colored trousers, and silk shoes or slippers. The better dressed women have very small feet. Some of them hobble about with great difficulty and others are not able to walk at all.

Ladies who have feet so small that they cannot walk without assistance, are carried about in chairs



STORE-FRONT IN CANTON

or on the backs of their men servants, when they wish to visit friends at a distance.

There are porters strolling about, carrying their loads on their shoulders or balanced on the ends of poles which rest on their shoulders, and hucksters with baskets, bound for the marketplace. Everybody seems to be busy.

The brass-founders almost deafen us with their din; here is a gold-beater hammering out the precious metal; there is an embroiderer stitching beautiful and artistic designs in many colors; elsewhere a bird's-nest dealer offers his delicacy at one to two dollars an ounce; near by an eating-house displays a nicely dressed, fat puppy; and everywhere hang the remarkable colored signs. These are perpendicular boards, some a foot wide and twenty-five feet long, with the names of the shops and the kinds of articles for sale in Chinese characters of brown, blue, green and gold, yellow, red and black, or orange color.

We enter the bazaars and curio shops. Here are rich jade-stones in various shades of green, cut by little wheels into ornaments, such as bracelets, earrings, or pins, and sold for from fifty cents to two thousand dollars. We see rare old porcelain; beautiful bronze-work, the creation of marvelous patience and skill; carved ivory and teak, yellow with age or quaint by reason of unique and intricate designs—all showing great ingenuity and perseverance in their manufacture.

There are stores where black-wood furniture is richly carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl; places where idols are made of wood, stone, ivory, or clay, and ornamented with cheap tinsel and gaudy colors, or with



EXAMINATION HALL, CANTON

gold and fine carving and painting; embroidery rooms open to the street, where men, each with his own frame and pattern, stitch from morn till sunset on patterns of wondrous beauty; and other rooms where the silk weavers may be seen laboriously working their hand-looms.

Here and there are the tallest business houses in Canton. These, we learn, are the pawn-shops. They do an immense business. The Chinaman pawns his winter clothing in the summer, both to obtain the use of the money, and to have a place to store his goods. So with the summer clothes in winter. We go up story after story of narrow, dimly-lighted stairs, and pass along small passageways on either side of which, in receptacles reaching to the ceiling, are thousands of bundles, of every imaginable contents. The pawn-brokers charge their own rates, and are usually very wealthy.

We visit the great Examination Hall, where, once every three years, candidates come to be examined for literary honors, by means of which they hope to obtain some office of profit or renown. This hall or court covers sixteen acres, and has 8,653 cells, six feet by



IMAGE IN TEMPLE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED GODS

three, in which the candidates are shut up from one to three days while passing their examinations on the Chinese classics. All the large cities have these halls. If a candidate passes creditably, he is said to "leap the Dragon Gate." The examiners are also shut up; and as no examiner knows the name of the writer of any *paper*, his gradings are impartial.

In the western part of the city is the Flower Forest Monastery of the Buddhists, in one hall of whose great temple are five hundred immense gilded images representing disciples of Buddha who have been deified.

The Temple of Horrors we find on a street running east and west. Here, on the walls of the stalls, are



BUFFALO OX HITCHED TO CHINESE PLOW

representations of the Buddhist hell. The terrible tortures pictured have a great influence upon the minds of the people, and we see men, women, and children prostrating themselves, burning incense or paper,

exploding firecrackers, and in other ways seeking some blessing or coveted object from the idols.

Everywhere inside are jugglers, fortune-tellers, gamblers, pedlers, sellers of sweetmeats, herb doctors—all soliciting trade and making a perfect babel. Beggars, gaunt and lean from lack of food, or hideous from natural or self-inflicted sores and bodily injuries, swarm around the doors in the belief that the desire to escape from the horrors of hell as shown inside will make people more charitable.

In visiting the Temple of the Five Genii we learn the legend connected with the founding of Canton. The story is that five genii, riding upon five rams, with clusters of five cereals in their hands, appeared to some early settlers, presented the grain to them, wished them prosperity, and then disappeared. The rams, so the tale runs, were changed into stone on the spot. And, as proof of the truth of the story, we are shown the identical five rough pieces of rock into which the rams were changed.

From this incident Canton is called the City of Genii and the City of Rams, and the temple was erected in honor of the founding. In the tower of this temple is a great bell which everyone is forbidden to touch, as it is the belief of the people that some awful calamity is sure to befall the city if the bell be sounded.

We are now approaching one of the sixteen gates of the city. The names of these gates show the tendency of the Chinese to flowery speech. There is the "Peace Gate," the "Eternal Rest Gate," the "Gate of Literary Brightness," the "Gate of Virtue," etc. On this *north wall is the "Sea-Guarding Tower,"* supposed to

control such influences as may bring peace and prosperity to the city.

While enjoying our rest, and the tea and refreshments obtained here, our eyes fall upon the Temple of the Goddess of Mercy upon a nearby hill. Steep flights of steps lead up to the shrine. Those who are sick in body or mind, those upon whom the sorrows or the misfortunes of life have fallen heavily, the poverty-stricken and the anxious-hearted—all these are found in China in greater numbers than anywhere else in the world, and they bow before this goddess whom they esteem as “great in pity, great in compassion, saving from misery, saving from woe, ever regarding the cries that come up from the world.”

PUNISHMENTS

As we are passing along one of the streets our guide calls our attention to the court of justice and the jail. Before us are a number of men having largesquareboards resting on their shoulders. These boards are about three feet square, weigh twenty-five to seventy-five pounds, and open with a hinge, so as to allow



PRISONER WEARING A CANGUE

the head to go through, when they are fastened like a collar around the neck. On the boards we note a number of Chinese characters.

Our guide tells us that these boards are called *cangues*, (*kángs*), that they are placed on persons guilty of minor



BEHEADING A CRIMINAL

offenses, the wearers being then allowed to go where they please till their sentence has expired. The characters tell what the wearer is being punished for. No *one can lie down to sleep while wearing a cangue*,

nor can one suffering this punishment wash his face, or scare off a fly or a mosquito with his hand. Yet he can sew, or twist rope, or work at any one of a number of trades so as to earn a living.

Inside the jail are a number of wretched, half-starved, dirty prisoners, many of whom are suffering from punishments or from tortures to make them confess some crime. Here are a man and a woman who have just been *bastinadoed*. The woman was whipped on the soles of her feet, and the man on the naked legs from the feet to the knees. The flesh is entirely raw from the terrible punishment.

Near by is a poor wretch whose thumb has been mashed, and another whose ankle has been crushed, the process going on slowly, so as to force a confession of crime. Another has been hung up by his thumb and his great toe till the anguish has caused him to admit his guilt. Our guide tells us that many innocent persons confess because their punishment will be less than the torture; also that others buy substitutes to take their punishment, or buy off the jailers altogether.

From here we go to the Execution Ground, the place where criminals are beheaded. It is an open plot near some large potteries. Prisoners condemned to death by beheading are brought here in baskets. Their hands and feet are bound; and they are placed on their knees, with their necks bared and their backs to the executioner. The headsman, with one skillful blow of his sharp sword, severs the head from the body.

THE FLOWER BOATS

It is a great relief to our feelings to get away from these unpleasant scenes for a visit to the beautiful

Flower Boats. These are floating nurseries having large apartments whose doors, windows, and sides are very artistic in shape and wonderfully sculptured. Here flower-girls tempt us with their lovely blossoms, and pleasant, smiling faces.

The work of these Chinese florists is marvelous. We are shown trees over a hundred years old, and one said to be over three hundred years old, but which are growing in flower-pots, and have been so dwarfed and stunted that they are less than three feet high. The Chinese train flowers at their will into all sorts of odd shapes and designs.

Besides these, we find a profusion of dwarf peach trees, cultivated only for their blossoms, azaleas with fragrant yellow blossoms, jasmines, lotus blooms, chrysanthemums, magnolias, euphorbias with their graceful forms and blossoms, and honeysuckles and heliotropes in great quantities. A very small sum supplies us with all the flowers we can carry.

GETTING ABOUT IN CHINA

The traveler meets with many difficulties in China. There are few railroads; the boats on the rivers and canals are not very attractive to Americans and Europeans; camels are not pleasant riding to strangers; the sedan-chair and the wheelbarrows cramp one too much for comfort; and the roads are so miserable and crooked that walking is both unpleasant and dangerous, for a Chinaman wants the road from one village to another to wind about so much that an evil spirit wandering along it will be likely to get lost.

Riding in a wheelbarrow seems a rather amusing

way of getting about, but those of us who try it find it anything but comfortable.

The Chinese people, however, seem to find the wheelbarrow quite satisfactory, and many of them use it; as it is cheaper than riding on ponies, or in carts or chairs. Great quantities of goods are moved from one city to another in wheelbarrows, which take the place of drays to a large extent.

Both the officials and the common people fought the introduction of railroads into China. This opposition was due partly to the fear that it would open the way for missionaries and other foreigners to get in easily, and partly to the belief that it would anger evil spirits and cause them to visit misfortunes on the people. Those officials who were in favor of the roads were afraid to introduce them rapidly, because of the opposition of the cart drivers, the wheelbarrow pushers, and the boatmen. So great was the opposition to railroads twenty-five years ago that, even after a short one had been built from Shanghai to Wusung, the authorities bought it and destroyed it.

Since that time a railroad has been built from Taku, at the mouth of the Pei-Ho River, northward to the Kaiping coal mines, and thence on into Manchuria, where it may connect some day with the great Trans-Siberian railway that Russia is constructing to connect her Pacific ports with Moscow and St. Petersburg, and thence with Berlin, Paris, and London.

Upon this line Russia has already spent \$350,000,-000. The Asiatic end is rapidly approaching completion. When the road is finished, and the connecting

link with Taku is built, a passenger may take a train in Paris, France, for Peking, China.

Another railroad runs from Taku through Tien-tsin to Peking. It is along this railroad that the allied armies, after destroying the Chinese forts at Taku and walls at Tien-tsin, fought the Boxers and other Chinese troops, on the way to Peking to set the foreign ministers and others free.

The railroad from Wusung to Shanghai has been rebuilt; one is partly built from Peking to Hankow; others are planned from Peking to Shanghai and Ningpo, from Hankow to Canton, from Canton to Burmah to connect with the English railway for the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean, and one across Turkestan to connect with Western Asia.

Wherever we go in China, outside of the big coast cities, we must carry our own food, bedding and servants. The inns furnish only a room with a bed consisting of a stove built out from the wall or else on trestles near the wall, and a fire for cooking. In the winter-time a fire is supposed to be built in the big earthen stove-bed, on top of which the traveler sleeps.

The people, however, depend upon clothing rather than fire to keep them warm. The poor seldom build fires. Fuel costs so much that they cannot afford to buy it. They cook their food and make their tea with hot water bought of hot-water pedlers, or at hot-water stores. Rice is cooked in quantities and re-warmed by pouring hot water over it.

The Chinese live more cheaply than the people of any other country. One can spend a day and night *at an inn for a few pennies*, and this is a very fortunate



CHINESE JUNKS AND HAKKA BOATS

thing for the traveler. If his bills were big, he would not be able to carry enough money with him to pay for a long journey.

The coins most in use are called *cash*. They are much larger than pennies and have a square hole in the center, in order that they may be strung upon strings. It takes about ten of them to equal in value one of our pennies. So you see a few dollars would be as much as one man could carry.

A Chinese inn is not a pleasant place to stay. It seems more like a barn than a house. In the courtyard are donkeys and camels, which made a great deal of noise. The beds are uncomfortable, the rooms unclean, and the odors very unpleasant. The Chinese do not think bathing at all necessary, and very rarely wash the whole body. The sight and smell of filth meet one on every hand.

The *hakka* is a boat much used on the canals and streams. Our experience with one of them is interesting. We secure a crew of five men to row us at the cost of one dollar a day for the five (twenty cents a day each).

The boat itself is fifty feet long, eight wide, and three deep. It has two apartments built about the middle, high enough for a short person to stand up under. These are roofed with platted bamboo, covered with bamboo leaves. The partition between the two little rooms is of wood, partly carved, partly painted. The hold is two or three feet deep.

We travel at the rate of about three miles an hour. Part of the time our crew run up the four or five feet of our curved prow, put their oars in the water or their

poles on the bottom, and then come down with their bodies thrown so far over that we fear they will fall on their heads; part of the time they fasten the rope to the prow, grasp the rope and trot along the bank, pulling us behind them; but, if a breeze is blowing



IRRIGATING THE RICE FIELDS

the right way, they set up a pole and stretch out their bamboo matting or pieces of cloth, so that the wind may push us. A wide paddle, fastened on behind, is used as a rudder.

We carry our own cook, food, and bedding, landing when we wish to buy provisions or visit places of

interest. Our stove is an open charcoal dish, and we sometimes have the smoke from this and from the opium pipes of the crew, mingled with the odor of some unsavory cargo in the hold, the heat and the



MAKING VERMICELLI IN CHINA

mosquitoes, to help us sleep when we have lain by for the night.

Yet the curious scenes, the varied landscape, the quaint occupations of the people, the great number of villages—at one time over sixty being in view while we travel only three miles—all of these repay us for *the discomforts*.

Here are waterwheels, run by the labor of men or of buffaloes, pumping water from the river to a canal on a terrace. There another wheel pumps it to another canal on another terrace; and so from terrace to terrace till the top of the bluff is reached and the stream can be carried away in troughs or ditches to the little farms and gardens surrounding the villages and cities.

Along the canal or in open places we find vermicelli (ver-mī-sēl'-lī) makers at work, making their long strings of dough and hanging them up to dry. Again, close beside the water's edge, are the walls of a city—thick and high and strong, with their watchtowers and gates.

Very few of the Chinese ever see the different parts of their own country. Not one in a hundred ever gets much beyond the village in which he or she was born. The lives of the people are largely spent in the struggle to earn enough to buy food, to keep them warm in the winter time, and to make sacrifices to the gods or to their ancestors.

Only fifteen miles up the river from Canton is Fatshan—a city of over 500,000 people, and one of the chief manufacturing centers of Southern China. Here are made rattan and bamboo-work, silk, embroidery, brasswork, ironwork, porcelain, and furniture. Here, as at Canton, are missions and a hospital established by Christian societies.

Near by is a town noted for the manufacture of glazed earthenware so fine in quality that many mistake it for porcelain. The glazing is done in green, red, white, blue, yellow, and other colors. In sight is

also the agricultural city of Chantsan, with a population of over a hundred thousand.

Passing along up the Si River, we see the low and wet rice lands, the tea plantations on the hills, the groves of mulberry trees for silkworm feeding, and the roads winding up the mountains amid liquid-amber and fir trees. The streams from the mountains to the north,



CHINESE DUCK-BOATS

as well as those nearer the headwaters, have numerous cascades amid the green-clad hills, making many spots of great natural beauty. The people imagine these hills and shady dells to be filled with spirits or genii and gods, and are constantly making offerings to secure their good will, or to ward off those maliciously disposed.

But "quack, quack, quack," coming from the right of us and left of us, in front of us and behind us, brings our eyes to a fleet of duck-boats on the river. These big floating cages contain thousands of ducks, artificially bred in baskets of bran or grass heated by charcoal furnaces, and which feed on the worms, shell-fish, and crabs of the rice fields or on what rice they can glean after the crop has been gathered. The birds know the call of their keeper, and hurry aboard in the evening when his voice is heard.

Numerous small canals run through the lowlands, by which it is possible to reach villages, towns and cities, which are everywhere in sight. Numberless sampans, handled by women with striped handkerchiefs from India on their heads, are in the canals and on the river, as well as the duck-boats, junks, hakka-boats, and small vessels on their way to Wuchau, a city of 200,000 people, 250 miles up the Si-Kiang River.

In one place beside the river we see the evergreen banyan (băn'yan) tree, whose widespreading branches are said to live for several centuries after the parent stem is dead. Not far away, we see where palm-leaf fans come from. Hundreds of acres are planted with fan-palms, there being from a thousand to five thousand trees to the acre. The trees begin to yield good fan-palms when six to eight years old, each tree furnishing five to fifteen palms a year for over a hundred years.

The thicker the trees are planted, the smaller and finer the fans are. The coarse palms, not suited for fans, are used for thatching boats and booths, for weaving *coarse mats*, and also for making cheap rain-

coats. The older trees sometimes produce immense palms five or six feet long, and two to four feet broad. Servants may be seen carrying these over wealthy persons in the cities, to protect them from the glare and heat of the sun.



PALM THAT PRODUCES FANS

The process of making the fans out of the palms is shown us. The green leaves are carried in bundles to the factory, where they are spread in the sun by day and placed in stacks under weights until they are well dried. The leaves are then trimmed (the edges being saved to make rain-coats) and are fired over sulphur to make them white and smooth. The stems are now trimmed and polished, and the wo-

men at the factory or at home are set to work hemming the fans at ten to twenty *cash* (one to two cents) a dozen. Those of finer quality are now turned over to artists who paint on them birds, flowers mottoes, landscapes, men and women, etc.

At the head of navigation on the Si River, is Wuchau, a *treaty port*; beyond lies a mountainous province,

rich in mines of coal, copper, and gold, and grazing lands, but poor in agricultural resources.

CITY OF FUCHAU

From Canton we travel 360 miles northeast along the coast to Fuchau (Fōō'chow), situated on a plain twenty-two miles from the sea up the Min River. It has a population estimated at 650,000.

Fuchau is of interest for many reasons. It is the residence of one of the leading governors; it is a treaty port; it is in the vicinity of a great tea-producing region, and ships out over a hundred thousand pounds of tea annually; and it has an immense examination hall, or court, having ten thousand little stalls for students, examiners and guards, and where candidates must come to pass their examinations for the "*second degree*."



A CHINESE PAGODA

As our steamer passes up the Min River, we are delighted with the beautiful scenery, and deeply interested in the little gardens and farms cultivated on terraces to the very tops of the hills. No ground is allowed to go to waste in China.

In the river are hundreds of house-boats, which, as at Canton, are the only homes of thousands of people. Spanning the river to an island is a massive granite bridge of fifty-one arches. It has been standing for nine or ten centuries, and the natives, with their usual flowery speech, have named it "The Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages." Many little shops are built on the bridge, and all sorts of articles are for sale in them.

We see again the narrow streets; the little stores and the bazaars all open to the sidewalk; the tall, narrow signboards with their many-colored announcements; the eaves of the houses projecting a foot or more, without any gutters, so as thoroughly to wet every one unfortunate enough to be in the streets during a rain storm; here and there steps in the streets to a higher level; and everywhere, especially in the poorer quarters, swarms of dirty, hungry, sleepy-looking people mingling with those of the better class.

CHINESE DWELLINGS

The guide recommended to us is an unusually shrewd one. We have changed some of our money into *cash* and *candareens* on the advice of our guide that ten cash (one cent) will open the doors and the hearts of most common people, while two or three candareens (three to four cents) will be a handsome gift for the well-to-do. *For we desire to see the houses of the people.*

There are no yards. The houses are joined to one another, both as a matter of economy and as a protection against thieves. They are one story high and built of wood. The sloping roofs are made of sticks woven together. Occasionally we find a paved court behind the houses, for drying clothes, making vermicelli, or raising pigs. Refuse of all sorts is piled in a corner of the court or in the street in front, till opportunity comes for it to be taken out and spread on the gardens or fields as a fertilizer.

The same house is used by the same family for generations, passing down from father to son. The house of the poor man is but a hovel, with a door to enter, no windows, and a dim light coming in through an opening in the roof covered with little shells such as we saw in the Philippines. The walls are usually of straw and mud, though sometimes of wood. The floor is of earth pounded hard, and here filth has been accumulating for years and years. The place kept cleanest in every room or house is the corner for the joss and the worship of ancestors.

The walls are black with mold, grime, and smoke; and, as there is no ventilation, and the people eat, sleep, keep goats, pigs and chickens, and cook, all in one room, there is always a stench, whether during the heat of summer or the cold of winter. Vermin are everywhere, especially in the half-rotted mats or skins on the trestles beside the wall, on which planks are stretched to serve as beds. A small table, a few pots, a little earthen charcoal stove, a shelf or two, and a few bundles, complete the furnishings of the hut, for poor Chinamen must live from day to day on a



HOME OF A WEALTHY CHINAMAN

few cents, or, in case of inundation, a poor crop, or an epidemic, must starve by thousands.

We are next shown the home of a well-to-do Chinaman. We pass through an opening in a high wall which runs along the narrow street and enter a small *court, open to the air and sun*. Here we find a small

well, flowers, and vines. Bedrooms for the father, the sons, and the grandsons, with their wives and children, are on either side of the court, in some cases separated from one another only by mats which hang by ropes from the rafters.

A large room at the end serves for dining-room, sitting-room, and hall for the worship of ancestors. The image of some specially favored god adorns this room. Here and there, suspended from the walls, are proverbs or quotations from the sages. On the far wall are some shelves for family goods, and here, or wherever room can be found, we see farming tools, dye-pots, wash-tubs, looms, seeds, and various odds and ends.

The contrast between the wretched homes of the poor and the scarcely less uncomfortable houses of the middle class on the one hand, and the luxurious homes of the wealthy merchants and officials, is a striking one. Here is a large building, surrounded by a high wall, within which are gardens laid out in a most grotesque manner. It is simply wonderful how much is done for amusement or pleasure in these small gardens.

There is a little bridge, just large enough for us to go up one side and down the other. A few steps bring us to artificial rocks, on the summit of which a miniature summer-house is built for mere adornment, as there is no way to get up to it, and it is too small for anybody except dolls or fairies. In the side of an artificial hill is a small grotto, overgrown with the vines planted here and there in hidden recesses, and forming a cool retreat for a porcelain figure of a fat Chinaman taking his ease.

A little farther away is a small pond in which are

beautiful lotus and other water plants, and, on the other side of the garden we find an artificial lake, with tiny boats and aquatic birds floating upon the surface, while gold and silver fish sport where streams from the mouths of imaginary monsters are emptying into

the little lake.

Before entering the house, we stop to admire the rare and beautiful birds in the aviary

(ā'vī-ě-rī). This bird-house is of gilt lattice-work, having bells and other ornaments hanging from the corners, with small baths and artificial trees inside for the use of the feathered occupants.

The walls of the house are of blue bricks, at one point inset with glazed tiles of grotesque figures or

scenes, and in other places painted with landscapes and designs in brilliant colors. The walls inside are adorned with carvings, paintings, and tapestry—scenes in history, birds, flowers—and scrolls with



REGULAR ARMY ARCHER

maxims. The roof-beams also are carved into unique designs, while the floors are of colored tiles, here and there arranged in artistic or droll designs. On the floors are the skins of animals, or matting in various colors and patterns.

The furniture is of ebony, ivory, marble, granite, mahogany, or bamboo—ornamented with carved designs of dragons, lions, serpents, and imaginary monsters, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, or made bright with gilt. From the ceilings large silk lanterns are hung. On these are painted or embroidered scenes or inscriptions in gold or silver.

As in the poorest house, the most important place is that set aside for the worship of ancestors and gods. In the rich merchant's home which we are now inspecting this is a large hall. Here is the household shrine, and here is the image of a joss or god, decked off with much finery, and having about him a quantity of tinsel and artificial flowers. Here the family worship takes place at certain hours, the incense kept always burning before the joss filling the room with its odor; here the owner keeps the coffin which he is one day to occupy; and here any member of the family who is to engage in any undertaking or enterprise comes to make offerings, and to ask for a favorable outcome. Along the walls of this hall of ancestors are arranged tablets containing the family history or setting forth the notable deeds of their ancestors, together with quotations from the writings of wise men.

Adjoining the hall of ancestors is the library. The books are of large size and are bound in silk or satin, with gold brocade, and silver and gold tinsel—evidently

being placed here more for display than for use. The doorways are hung with bamboo and gauze screens, painted in colors, and with silken curtains. The latter are looped back when privacy is not desired.

The bedrooms are a great surprise to us. Comfort in China is evidently viewed differently from comfort in the United States. The bedrooms are small, and contain only the bedstead, a few chairs, and a press for clothes. The bed is a raised wooden platform on which is a thin rattan mat. In the winter this is exchanged for a thin mattress filled with cotton. There are no sheets or blankets, but spreads of silk prettily embroidered. These spreads, we are told, are wadded in winter. The pillows are of rattan, stuffed hard, and covered with silk. Possibly we could come to enjoy these with experience.

The Chinese use nables when they eat their meals, but have no knives or forks. Small sticks of wood or ivory, called chopsticks, are used to convey food to their mouths. Dinner begins with fruit and nuts, which seems odd to us.

More rice is eaten in China than any other article of food. Everyone drinks quantities of tea, but without cream or sugar. The tea is delicious, for the Chinese know exactly how to make it, and they get the finest tea leaves for their own use. Some of the articles used for food seem strange to us. A favorite soup is made of birds' nests. The Chinese boil their bread and biscuit instead of baking. Pumpkin seeds are regarded as a delicacy.

Thousands of people spend not more than two or *three cents a day* upon their food, and many more

not even that, but there are fine markets for those who can afford to patronize them.

One sees the choicest of fruits, nuts, meats, game, and vegetables in the markets. The people are very fond of pork and eat a great deal of it. It is only the poorest who eat dogs, cats and rats. The roots and young shoots of the bamboo are used for food, and the seeds also.

Passing down the street our guide tells us a number of interesting things about Fuchau. As in many other cities of the empire, the people are partly pure Chinese and partly Manchus or Tartars. The Tartars are usually the soldiers of the empire, live indolent lives, and are supported in part by taxes levied on other citizens. They are usually the most ignorant, the vainest, and the most intolerant people met; yet they are full of energy.

There are some large porcelain manufactories here, using nearly four hundred ovens, or baking furnaces, constantly. This porcelain is noted for its brilliant tints and shades of green. The ovens also turn out a large quantity of cheap earthenware, which is exported with the porcelain.

The blue cotton manufactured and dyed at Fuchau is celebrated for its durability and its stable color. Numerous tea farms are found in the rich agricultural country adjoining the city—the black-tea farms being among the mountains, two or three thousand feet above the sea level. In the northwest part of this province is a famous tea district. Near the Tartar section of Fuchau are the noted sulphur baths, while far beyond the walls and at the base of the foothills are productive

orchards and groves. Boat-women are at the river's edge, with head-dresses of blue, white, and red artificial flowers, each eager to dispose of her produce, consisting of ducks, chickens, fruits, vegetables, or pure water.

NINGPO

On our way to north Shanghai (Shǎng-hǎ'ī,) we stop for a little while at Ningpo, which is 850 miles southeast of Peking, and only 12 miles from the sea. It contains 300,000 people, and manufactures some very fine qualities of silk and embroidery, inlaid furniture, and bronzes.

Crossing the river is a bridge. Resting on floats a short distance apart, it rises and falls with the tide backing up the river, and thus allows boats to pass under it at all times.

CHINESE BURIAL CUSTOMS

We secure a sedan-chair, and take a short trip into the valleys, to learn something of the burial customs of this strange land.

As we saw in the house of the wealthy merchant at Fuchau, a Chinaman consults the gods and the fortune-tellers as to whether what he proposes to do will result luckily or unluckily. If a soothsayer tells him that the time is not the best for the burial of his dead father, he will keep the corpse in the house, or deposit it in a wayside grave above ground, until he is sure the gods will allow the dead to rest in peace, or that the spirit of the dead man will itself remain in the spirit world, and not come back to trouble the living.

For four thousand years the Chinese people have *divided time into cycles of twelve and of ten, and great*

cycles of sixty years. The cycle of twelve is represented by twelve animals: the rat, the ox, the tiger, the hare, the dragon, the serpent, the horse, the goat, the ape, the cock, the dog, and the hog. The cycle of ten is represented by five substances: wood, fire, earth, metal, and water.

Every year, month, day, and hour has thus a double name, and in this way the fortune-teller casts his horoscope, and ascertains lucky or unlucky times.



A WAYSIDE GRAVE IN CHINA

Thus, if the signs for burial should indicate both *fire* and *water*, they would be unfavorable, for water puts out fire. If the signs indicate *tiger* and *goat* or *tiger* and *metal*, they would be unfavorable; for the tiger is likely to eat the goat, or to be killed by a metal weapon.

The cemetery is frequently made in the face of a mountain, the graves with horseshoe-shaped fronts being horizontal vaults, or openings. On the second month of the Chinese year, the graves all over the empire are honored by visits of the descendants, who burn, or allow to escape, fluttering pieces of gilt paper, and also go through forms of worship. If a man fails for three years in succession thus to honor the graves of his ancestors, their right to occupy their graves is



CHINESE FUNERAL CAR

forfeited, and the remains are taken up and thrown on a manure pile or buried in the field of the outcasts.

We meet a funeral procession. The coffin is carried in the center of the funeral car, which is borne by four coolies specially dressed for the occasion. White is prominent in the decorations, for it is the color of mourning in China, being an unlucky color. The mourners even have white threads braided in their hair.

A band of music precedes the procession, and mourn-

ers, hired for the purpose, fill the air with their sorrowful cries or loud protestations of grief. The more of this noisy sorrow one pays to have made, the more evidence does he show of filial piety—even though he has sold his own son or betrothed his sister for money to pay the dead man's debts and duly to honor his burial.

At the cemetery, before the coffin is lowered, beans, peas, and grain are thrown into the grave. Pieces of paper cut into shapes to represent clothing, tools, and other articles, are burned; for these are believed to be transformed into things needed in the spirit world. The spirit is supposed to leave the body for the land of shades on the seventh day, and a three-years' supply is burned for its use.

In many of the villages and towns which thickly dot the country, there seem to be but two public buildings. One of these, near the center of each town, is the Ancestral Hall, which is ornamented with carved work, designs, flowers and birds in porcelain, stone lions or dragons. The names of the residents' ancestors are written on little wooden tablets, and fill shelf after shelf in the hall. There are sixty-four festivals a year, in which the ancestors are honored by various kinds of worship, burning gilt paper, firing crackers, etc.

The other public building sure to be found is the temple with its various gods—for one part of the community favors one god, another part a different god. Here incense is kept burning, and here offerings are made of meats, fruit, cakes, or whatever may be supposed to please the god whose favor is sought. The churches are called *pagodas*, and are tall, tower-like



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CHINESE COOLIES TRANSPORTING LIME

Instead of at once taking jaunts to visit the many interesting spots in this "Paris of the Far East," we find a snug corner where we can rest, and study the people. Our guide is willing to sit and answer questions so long as we pay him for his time, and so we begin with a little chap in a sling on the back of his sister, though she appears to be only ten years old.

The baby has black hair and eyes, the latter being almond-shaped and slanting. His skin is yellow. He has just been taken out of a basket hung by cords from the top of the room at home, and fed with rice, though as yet without teeth.

"That youngster," says our guide, "had his head shaved in spots when he was a month old. He is over four months old, for at that age his head is shaved clean. When he is three years old, the hair on the crown of his head will be allowed to grow for a queue. About this time he will be able to toddle about. He will be dressed in a straw hat, loose cotton trousers, and a loose cotton jacket, and a little bamboo basket will be put into his hands. He immediately sets out to hunt for fuel or food.

" 'You will be punished,' he is taught, 'if you steal, if you do not respect the old, if you are not diligent and saving, and if you are so dull as to be caught in a lie'.

"When he is a little older, he will be taught at school, if his parents can afford to pay the teacher. If not, he is put to work, for, whatever faults they may have, the Chinese are an industrious people. Gardening, farming; making toys, kites, tops, lanterns, or umbrellas; making fans out of paper, bamboo, silk, feathers or sandalwood; carving, sculpture, painting, inlaying,

making lacquer-work; carpentering, boat-building; making cheap pottery or finer porcelain and chinaware—in all these things he is a patient and careful learner. How well he works we shall see by and by, when we visit the art stores.”

A round-faced Chinaman passes us. His eyes are small and almond-shaped. He has heavy brows, but few eyelashes. His cheek-bones are prominent, his nose is small, his body is of medium size, and his feet are not large. His crown is shaven, except a spot on top. The straight, coarse black hair growing here is platted into a queue, and allowed to hang down his back from under his straw hat. He has on a short jacket, and, underneath that, a loose shirt, the tails of which hang outside his loose pantaloons. He has on coarse stockings and shoes, and, while talking to the friend who accompanies him, stoops down, pulls a fan out of his stocking, and begins to fan himself.

At our request the guide calls him, and asks if he is married and has children. He answers that he is married and has two children, naming two boys. “But have you no girls?” asks the guide. His reply is, “Four”—but with a shrug that says they do not count.

A CHINESE GIRL

This leads us to go to see the Chinese girl and her mamma. As in Canton and Fuchau, we find that a few presents or little cash go a long way in obtaining friendly answers to our questions. We meet a little girl on the street. Her head has been shaved like her brother's, except that two tufts are left instead of one. *The hair from these is braided like her brother's.* She

cannot be more than five years old; yet she, too, has a little basket, and is going to the hills or to the quay to hunt for fuel.

The girls do not attend school. They help their mothers to keep house, if there are no servants in the home. They tend the babies, sew, pick cotton, care for the silkworms, make paper flowers, paint pictures, sing and play.

Some Chinese girls, when small, have their feet bound up tightly so that they cannot grow. Sometimes they wear iron shoes, which hurt cruelly.

We stop at a little house which is fortunate enough to have three rooms. The mother hobbles to the door supported by her mother-in-law. The mother-in-law was too poor to have aristocratic feet; but her husband prospered, and so their son was able to buy a wife with feet only three inches long.

One daughter, seven years old, is going through the torture of having her feet made fashionable like her mother's. And this is how it is being done: Strips of flexible cloth two inches wide and eight or ten feet long are bound round her foot, the end of the strip being placed on the instep. The strip is now carried over the four smaller toes, drawing them down on the sole of the foot. The strip passes on under the foot, over the instep and round the heel, drawing the toes down tighter, bringing them nearer the heel and arching the instep.

Once or twice a month the bandaged foot is soaked in a bucket of hot water. The bandages are removed, the dead skin and sometimes a toe or part of the foot which has putrefied and sloughed off is taken away,

the foot is sprinkled with alum, and quickly rebandaged tightly, so as to deaden the pain.

The little girl has now been suffering this torture for a year, but expects the pain to stop in a few months. She sleeps on her back, when she can sleep at all, crosswise on the bed, with her feet dangling over the edge, so that the weight and the pressure may deaden the nerves. But we can hear her moaning with pain. Her older sister is now fifteen. Here is the picture of the older girl's foot as it is, and as it would be



CHINESE WOMAN'S FOOT AND SHOE AS THEY ARE AND AS THEY SHOULD BE IF NATURAL

naturally. She has on embroidered satin shoes, not over three inches long. They have brightly painted heels. Her ankles have fine silk bandages around them, which are partly covered by her pantalets. She has just been married, though she had never seen her husband and he had never seen her until after the marriage.

A Chinese woman of this class does not eat with her husband—the women of the family eating after the men are through. She does not go on the street *with him*. She cannot leave home often, on account

of her useless feet, and she rarely sees any other place than the village in which she was born.

The women of the middle and lower classes spend their time in rearing chickens, pigs, or ducks; weaving mats, spinning silk, sewing hats or garments, mak-



A CHINESE GIRL

ing tapestry or lace, or spooling the yarn for older women to weave into cloth; picking cotton, feeding silkworms, cooking, washing, or carrying burdens—for few of the Manchu women bind up their feet, as also few of the poorest Chinese women.

A CHINESE SCHOOL

We have already seen at Canton and at Fuchau the great halls with their thousands of little rooms for the examination of students. From these, however, a coolie's descendants to the third generation are debarred. There are no public schools in China. There are private schools for boys, but very few for girls. For a year's tuition the teacher is paid two thousand to six thousand cash (two to six dollars). In China only one man in a hundred can read, and hardly one woman in a thousand.

We visit a boy's school. As the pupils come in, they bow to the teacher. They also bow to him when leaving school, or to any stranger who may enter. They sit on little benches, or squat on their heels, or sit on the floor. On the walls we see the following mottoes:—

"Diseases enter by the mouth; misfortunes issue from it." (Don't talk too much.)

"A race-horse cannot catch a word once uttered." (Be careful what you say.)

"Don't tie your shoe in a melon-patch." (Caution.)

"All ten fingers cannot be of the same length." (Contentment.)

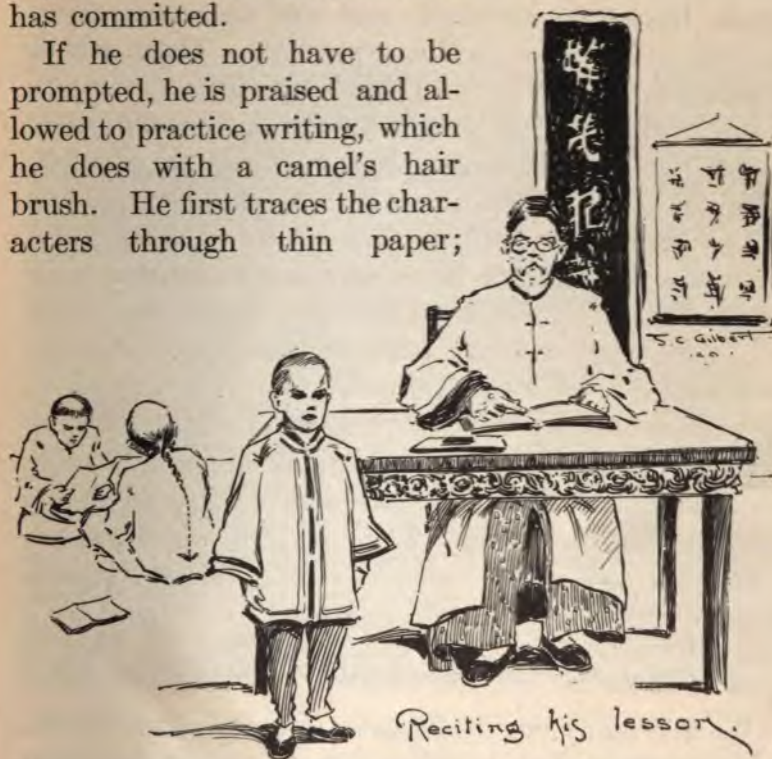
"No peace for the mouth when one tooth is aching." (Mutual dependence.)

The lessons begin, and there is a perfect babel, for every boy studies at the top of his voice. His only studying is committing to memory, for he has from two thousand to ten thousand characters to learn before he can read well. He does not learn his letters, but his words, for there are no letters in the Chinese language.

Here is a little fellow about seven years old with a *book in his hand*. He begins to read in the last page,

reads down instead of across, and begins with the last column and reads back to the left. The last row in his book is the first to be read, the last page being the first page. When he thinks he has his lesson committed, he goes up to the teacher, turns his back, and begins to recite aloud what he has committed.

If he does not have to be prompted, he is praised and allowed to practice writing, which he does with a camel's hair brush. He first traces the characters through thin paper;



Reciting his lesson.

but must afterward make them from memory. Each character is a word and does not represent a sound, as our letters do, but an idea. The writing has nothing to do with the pronunciation. In fact, *scholars in China* write in one language and

talk in another; and people in different provinces can read one another's writing when they cannot understand one another much if any better than they can understand us.

The school year begins about three weeks after New Year's Day, and continues for over ten months. The pupils have few holidays, and are not even given Saturdays or Sundays for rest days. Their school begins at six o'clock, summer and winter.

The children have very odd and interesting story books, with the strangest pictures you can possibly imagine. Every child is taught that his first duty is to his father and mother. The stories in their books are usually written to show how some children have honored their parents. They not only obey their parents, but try in every way to please them. Indeed, it is a part of their religion to worship their ancestors, as well as to please their parents.

China has three principal religions, all of which one man may believe. They all teach the worship of many gods, the worship of one's ancestors, reverence for Confucius (a great teacher), virtue, industry, politeness, and obedience to the old and to superiors.

A TRIP UP THE YANG-TSE RIVER

We find many beautiful places, some pleasant drives, and numerous fine business houses, public buildings and residences in Shanghai. The cherry trees in full blossom along the avenues are a charming sight.

The shops and bazaars are full of rich fabrics, interesting paintings, wonderful bronzes and other ware, *which show that the Chinese artists and artisans have*

genius and skill not possessed by those of any other country. The blending of colors, whether in painting, in porcelain, in embroidery, or in tapestry, is done with taste.

We visit the famous Jewelers' Guild Hall, the Race Course, the Horse Bazaar, the Warm Baths, the fruit



A CHINESE SHOEMAKER

markets, the theaters, and end up with a visit to the floating tea gardens. These are buildings upon rafts in the river, fixed up elegantly, and the Chinese waiters, the hanging lanterns, the many quaintly dressed people, the *delicious tea and cakes*—all leave a lasting and

pleasant impression of this greatest of Chinese commercial cities.

We are off now for a trip up the Yang-tse River and across the country to Tibet. One thing impresses us everywhere—and that is that China does not change. Things are now almost the same as they were two or three thousand years ago.

The little houses, though mere hovels, have been used by the same family for generations. The same little piece of ground, worth four hundred to six hundred dollars an acre, has been cultivated from father to son for a thousand years. Stone walls are around the houses, the villages, and the cities, as they were at the time of Christ.

The little shops, closed on three sides, and open to the front, with the purchaser standing in the street and asking for what he wishes; the canals with low bridges that interfere with the very purpose for which the canals were built, because high bridges are thought to bring misfortune on those living near; the roads from one village to another so narrow and intricate that a guide is necessary even in going a mile, because it is thought evil spirits without a guide will get lost in the road and not find their way to the houses!—all these things show the unchangeableness of the people, who feel it their highest duty to do as their ancestors did.

As we pass up the river we go by the city of Chin-kiang, having a population of 150,000, and note in the river men fishing with cormorants, the birds being trained to dive and catch fish and bring them to their *owners on boats* near by. If a bird catches a fish



CHINESE BOYS

larger than he can well handle, another bird comes quickly to his assistance. Other men stand in the water, switching about till they scare the fish to the bottom; then they dive and catch them.

Some distance beyond is Nankin (Nän-k'ín'), 130 miles from the mouth of the river. This is a city of 500,000 (some say 1,000,000), the former capital of China, and once containing a porcelain tower, a summer palace, and the tombs of the Chinese kings. These were destroyed during the Taeping Rebellion. The city is famous for its manufacture of nankeen, satins, and silks.

Soon we come to Kukiang, near the mouth of the Kan River, a southern tributary of the Yang-tse. Kukiang has a population of 100,000. We watch, from the deck of the steamer, men and boys on the banks who are flying kites shaped like birds, fishes, boxes, dragons and serpents; and we are interested in a man on the quay who carries birds on perches, and throws seeds in the air which the birds dart after and catch.

Farther up, on opposite banks of the great river, are Wuchang (Wōo-ch'ang'), a city of 450,000 and Hankow, a city of 1,000,000, and one of the centers of the tea trade in China. We visit the great factories in this city and watch the girls picking over tea. The more tender leaves are separated from the piles before them, and the remainder thrown into baskets below them for second grade tea. Some of the leaves are ground up, steamed and pressed into bricks and cakes of tea.

GREATEST RIVER-TRAFFIC CENTER IN THE WORLD.

Near Wuchang is the mouth of the Han, the largest tributary of the Yang-tse, and which is navigable for hundreds of miles. Wuchang, with Hanyang *right at the mouth* of the Han, and Hankow opposite,

are the center of trade both for near and distant provinces, and have the largest river traffic of any cities in the world.

At Hankow are car-works covering twenty acres of ground, also immense brass furnaces. In the vicinity are fine deposits of coal and iron. Not far beyond is the Toong-Ting Lake, the largest fresh-water lake in China,—so that this region will in time be the chief railroad, manufacturing, and commercial center in the empire.

Hundreds of cities, towns, and villages are in sight on either bank of the Yang-tse as our boat passes along, for this region is densely populated. By and by we reach Cheng-tu, a city of 800,000 people. It is situated in a rich plain, over 1,500,000 acres in extent, and which is irrigated throughout by canals and ditches constructed more than 2,000 years ago.

At the head of navigation for large vessels is Ichang (E-chang') nearly a thousand miles from the mouth of the river. Above this city are the wonderful gorges which rival those on the Rhine or the Colorado, for the river dashes through deep cañons and amid huge boulders with a rush and a roar that fill us with awe.

In a smaller boat we pass on up the river four hundred miles farther to Chunking, a city of 250,000, situated at the confluence of the Siao-ho ("Little River") with the Yang-tse. The first foreign boat to reach this city was a British steamer, which ascended the rapids in March, 1898. Here we abandon the river and are soon traveling through the towns on the elevated and rough trade route leading westward to Tibet's capital.

On the latter part of our trip we see some of the

ways in which the Chinese amuse themselves. Some children on board are spinning tops, playing with jackstones, or tossing at shuttlecock. Men are pitching *cash*, as our newsboys do pennies, throwing dice or playing cards; others have trained crickets and quails to fight, like the gamecocks we saw in Cuba and the Philippines; and a traveling troupe of jugglers perform most astonishing feats. One of these tricks is to plant a dry seed in a flower-pot, which is then covered with a cloth. Soon the cloth begins to rise, while the juggler moves his fan to and fro and mutters incantations. Directly he lifts the cloth, and there is a plant two feet high, and in bloom!

TIBET—THE FORBIDDEN LAND

Few travelers undertake the journey to Tibet. The discomforts and dangers on the way, the long, lonesome road up the mountains or over the dreary plateaus from 12,000 to 17,000 feet above the sea, and the suspicion of the natives—all these are such as to discourage even the stoutest-hearted.

But it is worth the hardships even of the rugged,



TIBETAN CART

rocky way, the dangers from wild beasts, and the fearful cry of "Kolos! Kolos!" ("Robbers! robbers!") which assails the ear when the lawless men of the desert, in their wolfskin caps, with long black hair in masses on their shoulders, fierce black eyes, a gun slung over the shoulder and two swords in the belt, come dashing up on their horses. These daring robbers, however, we are fortunate enough to escape.



TIBETAN YAK, OR LONG-HAIRED OX

As our little wagons climb up on the magnificent tableland, great eagles float in the air above us, and in the distance we see occasionally a wild camel or a herd of wild yaks. The yaks have long black hair, superb horns, and great strength. In the winter they remain on the heights, but in the summer they descend to the valleys in search of water.

Herdsmen approach our caravan to sell us butter or fresh meat, their saddles being hung round with frozen quarters of mutton or kid. The food offered does not tempt us. We do not enjoy the Chinese cooking.

A Tibetan village through which we pass consists chiefly of black tents, though there are a few clay houses to be seen. Its people do not cultivate the ground, but tend their flocks.

The road has become too rough for our camels, so we take to horses. We meet or pass at long intervals

small caravans of traders or of pilgrims, and we note stones with inscriptions set up by the wayside. At last we are at Pampou, and are truly astonished at the scene that opens out before us.

For here is a beautiful plain, watered by a river and



MONUMENTAL TOMB OF THE GREAT LAMA

by irrigating canals, divided into small farms and dotted *with houses* from the turrets of which float streamers *with Tibetan colors* and inscriptions. The people are

at ease, and seemingly free from care, for in the evening they gather to talk, to dance, and to drink the light liquor made from fermented barley.

The way from here to Lassa (Lās'sā) is a climb over a precipitous mountain road, so rough and dangerous in places that one dares not risk remaining on horseback. But the pilgrim goes at this with heroic devotion, for he believes that getting over this mountain in the proper spirit helps to secure remission of his sins.

As we issue from a defile at the foot of the mountain, there lies before us the chief city of the Buddhist world, encircled with magnificent old trees, brightened with its terraces, white residences and turrets, its gay bunting, its temples with gilded roofs, and, prominent above all, the palace and the monumental tomb of the Great Lama—Dalai Lama.

Lassa is six miles in circumference, but has no walls around it, like those around the Chinese cities. In the suburbs we can see gardens and large trees, and the streets seem to be straight and wide. We are not permitted to enter, for Lassa is a "holy city," and only two foreigners have ever been admitted within its precincts.

One of these states that the houses are of two or three stories, whitewashed all over, in the better section, except the door and window frames, which are painted yellow or red. The rooms inside, however, are usually smoky and dirty from heating them with *argols* (är'gölz) burned in a sort of small basin of baked clay, the smoke finding its way out through a hole in the roof.

The smaller streets are narrow, and the houses of

the poorer classes are ill-kept and bad smelling. Among the curiosities are houses built of smooth white ox horns and rough black ram's horns, the spaces between the horns being filled in with mortar.

PEKING

Our time does not permit us to linger in Tibet, nor does our space allow us to describe the novel sights and experiences on our way back to the ocean, where we are taken by steamer to Tien-tsin (T'ĭ-ĕn'tsĕn) from which the railroad takes us to Peking (Pĕ-kĭng') eighty miles away.

Tien-tsin is a walled city, twenty-eight miles up the Pei-ho (Pā-hō') River from Taku, where the forts guarding the mouth of the river were dismantled by European gunboats during the recent war with China. At Tien-tsin, also, fighting took place between the allies and the Chinese troops, before the walls and the city were captured. On every hand, in and out of the city, are desolation and ruins.

Here we are offered fried grasshoppers, among other dainties, with a chance to draw sticks and see whether we win or lose a better meal—the restaurant-keeper taking his chances to give us twice what our money pays for, or nothing, according to whether we pick out the longer or the shorter stick.

Peking was made the capital of China in 1280, A. D., though it was the capital of the smaller kingdom of Yen as far back at 1100, B. C. Sixty miles to the north is the great Chinese wall. The city itself has a population of 1,500,000, and consists of two parts—the northern, or Tartar City, and the southern, or

Chinese City. A strong wall, fifty or sixty feet high, separates these, and extends to the outer walls of the city, which are over twenty miles in circuit.

The city has sixteen gateways in the outer walls, over each of which is a fine tower seventy-five to a hundred feet high. Within the northern or Tartar

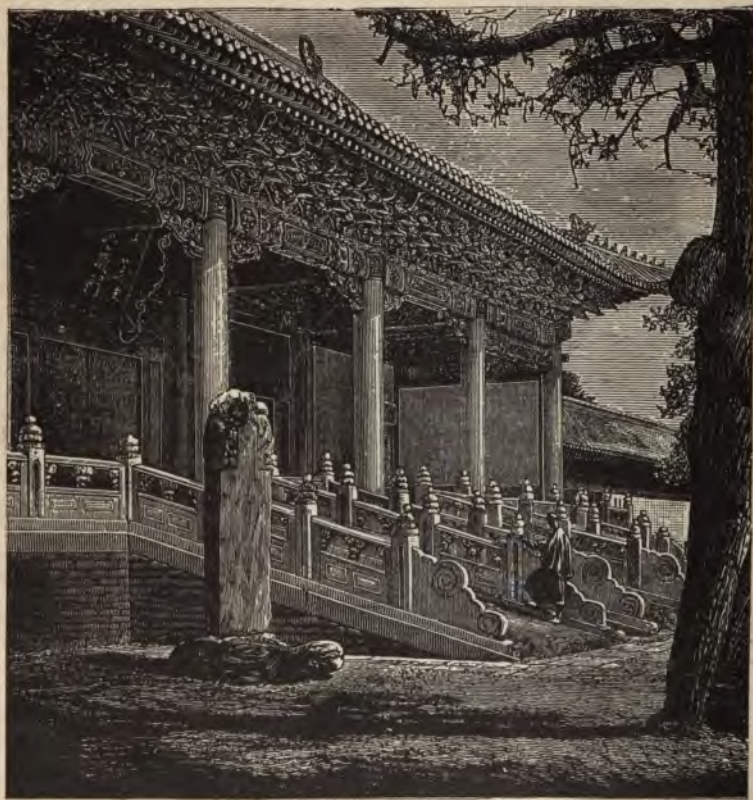


WALL AND GATE BETWEEN CHINESE AND TARTAR CITY, PEKING

city, since the present rulers are Manchus, is the Prohibited City, or city within which the emperor resides. This is about two miles in circumference, and is regarded as sacred by the Chinese.

The greatest humiliation that China has ever endured was inflicted by the allies of the recent war because of the terrible outrages of the "Boxers." When Peking was captured, a day was set apart for the

desecration of the Forbidden City, and the troops of the different powers marched through its streets to martial music, while officers and visitors entered the



ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS

imperial palace, and an American woman even took her seat upon the imperial throne.

Among the most noted buildings that we have the *opportunity to see* are the magnificent Temple to

Confucius, the greatest of Chinese religious teachers, who was born 551, B. C. Here, twice a year, the emperor does honor to the memory of the beloved sage whose wise maxims and upright teachings are found upon scrolls in every home and temple in the Chinese Empire.

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT

The Emperor of China is an absolute monarch. In the state religion he is regarded as the "Son of Heaven," and his empire is termed "The Celestial Empire." Nevertheless, by law and custom, he is subject to overthrow by the people if he does not rule wisely and



AS NOW EXISTING

justly. All his subjects must *kotow* to him; that is, must enter his presence on their knees, and remain so during their interview. There are other ceremonies of obeisance which they must go through.

Kwangsü is the present emperor, though the person who is really ruling the empire is the dowager-empress, a woman of commanding powers and of great shrewdness and executive ability.



WOMAN ATTENDANTS OF THE EMPEROR

The empire is divided into eighteen provinces, whose names, with their meanings, are:—

	Area in sq. mi.
<i>Pe-chi-li</i> —"The Supreme Province"—containing the capital	115,832
<i>Shan-Tung</i> —"East of the Mountains"	55,985
<i>Shan-Si</i> —"West of the Mountains"	81,854
<i>Ho-Nan</i> —"South of the (Yellow) River"	67,955
<i>Shen-Si</i> —"West of the (Yellow) River"	75,291
<i>Kiang-Su</i> —"Country of the Happy River"	38,610
<i>Kiang-Si</i> —"West of the River"	69,499
<i>Ngan-Hwei</i> —"Province of Peace and Plenty"	54,826
<i>Che-Kiang</i> —"The Winding River Country"	36,681
<i>Fstd-Kien</i> —"Consummation of Happiness"	46,332
<i>Kuang-Tung</i> —"The West Plain"	86,783
<i>Hu-Nan</i> —"South of the Lakes"	83,398
<i>Hu-Pe</i> —"North of the Lakes"	71,430
<i>Kan-Su</i> —"Land of Profound Peace"	125,483
<i>Seckwan</i> —"The Four Streams"	154,440
<i>Kuei-Chow</i> —"The Honorable Division"	67,182
<i>Yun-Nan</i> —"South of the Clouds"	146,719
<i>Kuang-Si</i> —"The West River"	77,220

Each province has its own governor, and there are separate officials in charge of the provincial cities (having 1,000,000 inhabitants or over), district cities (having 100,000 or more), and districts or villages.

Important officials in China are called by foreigners *mandarins* (*mǎn-dà-rěns'*) of whom there are nine grades, each having its distinct dress and its official "button" or jewel, worn at the apex of the official hat.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN PEKING

We note that in China it is an advantage in some respects for a woman to have a poor husband. He

cannot afford to lose the time, when she is small, that it would take to have her feet bound up. She goes out more, because she must work to help make the living, and so she has a chance to talk with her neighbors and to see something more of the world than is found within the narrow limits within which social custom confines her wealthier sister.

The Manchu woman dresses somewhat differently and is freer than the Chinese woman. She does not bind up her feet. We find her in Peking usually wearing long skirts and a loose blouse, though she often

wears the long, graceful blouse and the loose trousers preferred by the Chinese woman.

She takes much pains in dressing her hair, which is puffed, platted, and filled with artificial or real flowers on special occasions. The hair is fluffed a little in front and then carried back to a roll on the back of the head. An ornamental comb is fastened on each side of the head. Another comb with a small rounded top is stuck in the roll on the back of the head, and from this a pendant of beads or jewels hangs down



A MANDARIN

behind. Daggers are thrust through from side to side as a finishing touch.

We see many curious sights in Peking. Not only *are the sedan-chairs* carried by coolies, but here comes

one with a little donkey not much larger than a St. Bernard dog in the shafts at either end. There is also the Peking cart, pulled by a donkey or a mule, in which



MANCHU WOMAN'S MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR

you have to squat like the Chinaman rather than sit on a low seat with your legs crossed under you, and be bumped to death over the rough streets.

As in other large cities, we find an Examination Hall,

government buildings, walls and houses with fantastic roofs of yellow tiles, crowded streets, tall pawn-shops, bazaars full of curios, and a road paved with granite



ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE OF PRAYER FOR A FAVORABLE SEASON—
NEW IMPERIAL PALACE

slabs eight or ten feet long, leading out to the great wall.

Here, also, is the magnificent Temple of Heaven, and the no less wonderful Temple of Agriculture. To the former the emperor goes in behalf of the nation, to pray for prosperity and the blessings of the gods, and to the latter he goes in the spring to pray for a favorable season, and then to set the plows of China going, by himself starting a little furrow with a gold-handled plow.

In Peking are the National University; the an-

cient Observatory; the Imperial Palace, with its beautiful gardens, and their quaint Camel's Back Bridge; and noted Buddhist temples, with fine architecture, extensive grounds, elegant furniture, and giant images of Buddha, with smaller images of saints in the lesser halls.

And yet the streets of the city are abominable, being in bad condition, dirty, foul smelling, and having



CAMEL'S BACK BRIDGE—IMPERIAL GARDENS, PEKING

manure heaps or pools of stagnant water on every hand. At night anyone who is unwise enough to risk himself abroad must carry a lantern, for the only lights are dim street lamps of latticework boxes on poles about six feet high. In these are candles!

We drop into the marketplaces to see what is for sale. There are many varieties of fish; the choicest of fruits in abundance, including oranges, loquats, citrons, rose-apples, bananas, litchis (lee'chees), papayas, and grapes; mutton, kid, pork, deer, dogs, squirrels, quails, pheasants, chickens, ducks, rats, and grasshoppers; and squashes, edible bamboo, melons, water coltrops, rice, beans, peas, taro, peanuts, sweet potatoes, and yams.

We pass stores selling tinsel paper, plain or in various shapes, to be burned in religious ceremonies, in honor of ancestors, or at funerals; bird stores and bird-peddlers selling warblers and pigeons; bookstores selling great heavy volumes that few persons read, but which the rich purchase for their libraries; and drug stores that sell pounded tiger bones to give strength, and extracts of dogs and cats, or mixtures of various bugs and plants as cures for disease.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

One more journey we must take before we turn our faces homeward. It is to see the wonder of China—the Great Wall. To reach it we must ride over mountains, and as the road is rough we shall be obliged to ride in mule litters, or on donkeys. The mule litter is a kind of box, covered with cloth and fastened to two long, thick poles. The poles form two pairs of shafts in which the mules walk in single file. The litter is not a very comfortable carriage in which to ride, but it will be a welcome change after riding for hours on a donkey.

The roads are very bad, and are really not roads at

all. In some places the highway is as rough as a ploughed field, or as muddy as a ditch; in others it is very narrow or stony. We must travel slowly, but there is much to interest us in the country through which we pass.

There are hundreds of donkeys and camels and carts passing us, going to and fro between China and Mongolia. The beasts of burden are heavily laden with boxes of tea and other articles of trade. The camels travel single file and some of the caravans we pass are almost a mile long.

We sight the wall long before we come to it, for it is built across the very mountain peaks. The Great Wall was built to prevent the invasion of China by the Tartars of the North. It extends from the sea across the northern boundary of China Proper, to the Desert of Gobi, north of Tibet.

This wonderful wall is twenty-five feet wide, thirty feet high and over twelve hundred miles long. It is made of stone and earth and faced with gray brick. High watch towers were built at intervals upon the walls, through which the country can be seen for miles around.

Think of the work required to build such a wall! The bricks were all made by hand, and as there was no clay in some parts of the country, the bricks had to be carried many miles by Chinese laborers.

Millions of people were probably employed in constructing this huge wall, for the Chinese had no machinery, and few horses or cattle to transport material. It is very, very ancient, having been built more than two hundred years before Christ was born.

The Great Wall has been repaired several times, and though parts of it are now in ruins, much of it is yet in almost as good condition as when built.

ODDITIES AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE CHINESE

We find many odd customs and beliefs among the people in China.

A carpenter pulls his plane toward him instead of pushing it from him, as in this country.

White is the color for mourning instead of black. If a boy turns out a criminal, his father and older brothers are sometimes punished with him for not setting him a better example. The schoolmaster gives the boy a different name from that by which he is known at home. A baby is frequently called "Flea," "Vagabond," "Louse," to make evil spirits think the parents do not care for him, and so the spirits will not care to bring disease or misfortune to him.

The serpent is supposed to have connection with the Supreme Ruler of the Sombre Heavens, who can bring on or avert disasters, and so the figure of the serpent or of some form of dragon is placed on the walls, roofs, or ornaments of houses, that honor to him may avert misfortune. The fox is dreaded because he is supposed to have power to change himself into the form of a beautiful but bad woman, and tempt men to wrong.

And yet the Chinaman has many virtues worthy of all praise. He loves his home and his native village, and if he goes to other lands he always lays by money with which to go back, or to have his body go back if *he dies*. He is patient, industrious, skillful in *garden-
ing and farming*, shrewd as a trader, clever in making

earthenware and porcelain, in weaving, embroidering, carving, brasswork; is peaceful in disposition and always careful for the old. Most of his faults come from things that have been taught him by his ancestors.

ANIMAL LIFE

The great variety of surface and of climate of the Chinese Empire, including the low plains of the Yellow, the Yang-tse, and the Si Rivers, the partially desert regions of Mongolia, East Turkestan, and Tibet, the uplands and the hills, and the lofty, cold tablelands of the South and West, with a good supply of rain—all these produce an abundance of animal and plant life.

Among the domestic animals are the water-buffalo, the horse, the donkey, the camel, the yak, cattle, pigs, chickens, ducks, peacocks, pigeons, goats, sheep, dogs, elephants, cats, geese, cormorants, and cockatoos.

Among the wild animals are the camel, ass, yak, tiger, leopard, elephant, deer, antelope, gazelle, porcupine, fruit fox (which climbs trees), cat fox, musk cat, rat, hare, armadillo (*är-mä-dil'lo*), ape, monkey, anteater, jackal, ibex, rhinoceros, tortoise, bear, hedgehog, snakes, and wild hogs.

Birds and insects almost innumerable are to be seen. Among the former is the beautiful pheasant, with his long tail and brilliant plumage. Then there are partridges, which are trapped by the thousands and sold in the markets at five to ten cents a pair; gray cranes, three or four feet high, found on the sandy beaches, and lavender-colored cranes with black tail feathers, found on the banyan trees; doves, thrushes, larks, pigeons, geese, ducks, snipe, egrets, storks, cormorants, king-

species of bamboo in China which produces opals—a secretion due to disease at a joint. This opal the Chinese pulverize and use as a medicine.

There are chestnut trees, tallow trees, arbor-vitæ, pines, the fir in great abundance, used in the manufacture of charcoal, pear trees, apple trees whose fruit is soft and tasteless, plum trees, persimmon trees whose fruit is large and luscious, and mahogany and other hardwood trees whose timber is exquisitely carved in the manufacture of fine furniture for the temples, palaces, public buildings, and houses of the wealthy.

The peach may be termed the national tree of China, though not a native, having been brought from Persia about two thousand years ago. It is cultivated with much care, and the peach gardens with their blooms of delicate pink and white make a most attractive scene. The blossoms are great favorites with the Chinese, and we find them in profusion in libraries and reception rooms.

There are three varieties of the Chinese peach—the dwarf, the shrub, and the full-sized tree. There are eighteen kinds of dwarf peach trees, many of which are grown in large flower pots, and they are remarkable for their diminutive size and for the wealth, color, and pleasant odor of their blossoms. They bear no fruit.

The shrub variety grows to the height of four or five feet. It is planted on the margins of ponds and lakes, in the gardens of the wealthy, or in the grounds around the temples, the apricot and the wild cherry being *mingled* with it so as to make a charming variety of *blossoms*.

The full-grown tree bears the most fruit, though many do not like its flavor. The peaches are of various shapes and colors—usually flat, long, and pointed, with the pulp white, pale green, marble, a rich yellow, or a ruby. The peach figures in many Chinese fairy tales and myths.

Rice is the universal article of culture and food, the sweet potato coming next in the estimation of the poor. Wheat and other cereals are chiefly grown in the North; corn, pulse, barley, millet, and sugar-cane form the other chief food articles. Black ginger and white ginger are very popular—the rootstocks being planted in March or April in furrows a foot apart. The fleshy roots are dug up the following January, the tenderest being made into a preserve with syrup.

Ginger, peppermint, and other herbs and roots, as well as tea-oil, pepper-oil, peanut-oil, wood-oil, and other preparations are used as foods or medicines. Cloth is made both from regular hemp and from the banana-hemp such as we saw in the Philippines; from cotton, a very extensive product of the lowlands; from pine-apple fiber, which is not of so fine a quality as that in the Philippines; from bamboo fiber; and, for rain-coats, from the fan and other palm leaves.

TEA CULTURE

Tea is the chief agricultural product of China. Its first appearance in China is ascribed by a folklore story to an old woman's appearance in the market-place about 200, A. D. with a cup of tea of which she freely gave all to drink, but whose contents did not diminish. Its use as a beverage is traced back to about

300 or 400, A. D. It grows as high as four thousand to six thousand feet up on the mountain sides and as far north as the fortieth parallel.

Tea is grown by sowing seeds the first year, stopping the middle shoot the second year to make the plant bushy and throw out leaves, which are ready for plucking after the third year. At the end of seven years, the leaves begin to grow thick, hard, and rough. The plant is then cut back, and begins to sprout over. This process is repeated till the plant is



SORTING TEA

about thirty years old, when it ceases to be profitable, and it is cut up for a new planting.

The black teas of the best flavors come from the Bohea Mountains. The Hyson or green teas have been greatly improved by cultivation and by being changed from the hills to the plains. Usually there are three or four gatherings of tea-leaves each season. The leaves are sometimes dried in the sun in small trays on bamboo stands, and are sometimes roasted. They are carefully sorted, and then packed for exportation in caddies lined with sheet-lead to keep out moisture and to keep in the aroma.

MINERAL PRODUCTS

The minerals of China have so far been but little developed, though the wealth of the empire in this particular is very great. Hundreds of mountains contain copper and iron. Gold and silver mines are worked profitably, but the government seems to discourage this. Other mines—notably those in the province of Shen-si—produce mercury, and still others yield lead, tin, zinc, sulphur, and alum, while there are valuable quarries of marble, granite, and jade-stone, and a fine quality of clay, used for making porcelain.

The Chinese claim to be the inventors of porcelain ware, and it is from their work that the word china comes. The finest clay is found in beds. It is dug up and carried to the mills by men, who act as beasts of burden in many parts of the country.

Coal in large quantities is found in Manchuria (Mān-chōō'rī-ā), near Peking, and in the South, which is very rich in other minerals as well.

GOOD-BY TO CHINA

The Chinese minister at Washington tells us that if we wish to keep the Chinese as friends and increase our trade with them, we must be courteous and honest. The Chinaman dislikes to be treated as a heathen, and he is used to honest dealings. He needs our flour, cereals, cured meats, vegetables, preserved fruits and candies, lumber, machinery, farm implements, hardware, electrical devices, and many other articles which we have to sell. We, in turn, need his silk, tea, porcelain, bamboo-ware, bric-a-brac, and dozens of other articles.

Those who know the Chinese best say that they are a courteous, orderly, industrious, sober, patriotic, and peace-loving people. Why, then, have they killed and driven so many foreigners from their country, you ask?

Remember it has always been a part of their religion to reverence and worship their ancestors and teachers, and to obey implicitly their commands. When foreigners came to China, they tried to persuade the inhabitants to accept a new religion, and to forsake the ways and customs of their ancestors. In driving out the foreigners, the Chinese probably meant only to show their devotion to their own country. Their motto is: "China for the Chinese." And this much we must also say: they have never left their homes to make war upon other nations.

CHINESE

China is my native land,
On the map you'll find it;
It is not a bit like yours
But you must not mind it.

We are quiet, calm, and slow,
You are in a hurry;
We can never understand
Keeping such a flurry.

You have all the time there is,
No more can you make it;
Just as well to take your ease,
Why then don't you take it?

No Christmas do our children have
But presents, often many;
We like a fan and parasol
For gifts, as well as any.

Our boys have fire-works that are said
To be the world's most splendid;
Like you we love to send them off
Long after day has ended.

Rice is the food we like the best,
With chopsticks do we eat it;
We pick and dry our tea ourselves,
And think no one can beat it.

Our clothes are not at all like yours,
Of course we like them better;
Sometimes our sign is on the cloth,
A woven Chinese letter.

Because of lacquer, porcelain, silk,
From pride you can not free us.
Some time when you are traveling,
I wish you'd come and see us.

— From "Christmas in Other Lands," by Lydia Avery Coonley.

National Air of China.

Andantino. (THE WORLD'S DELIGHT.)

INTRODUCTION. *mf* *Poco rall.* *pp* *A tempo.*

Poco rall. *A tempo.* *Accel.*

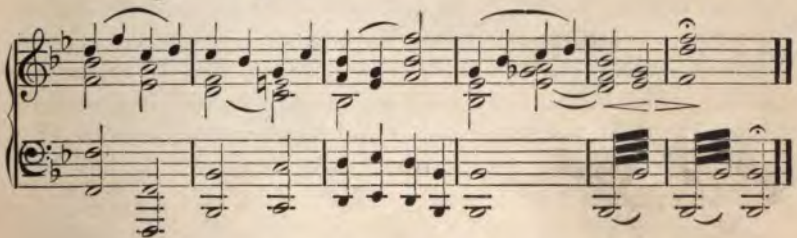
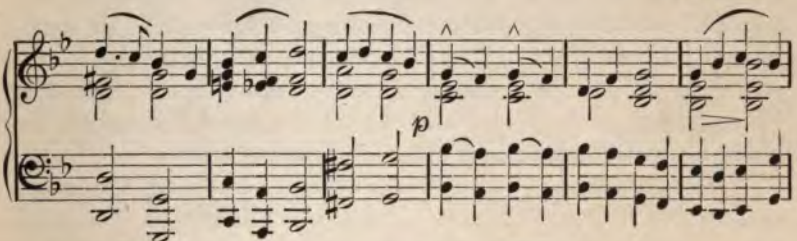
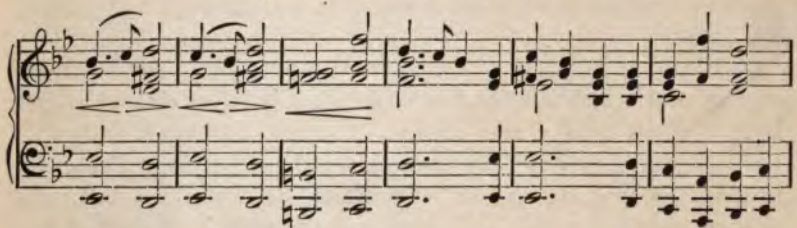
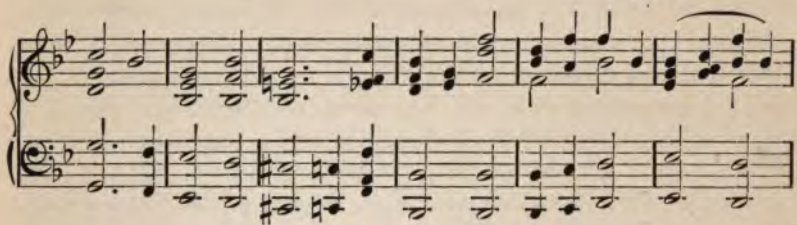
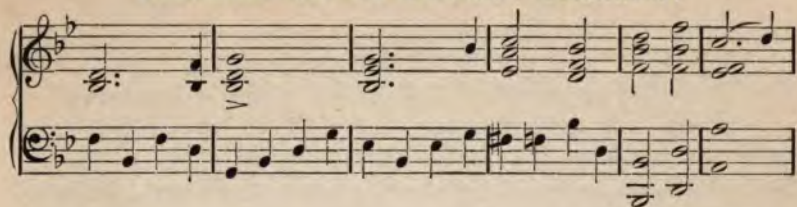
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THE CHINESE LILY

The following legend of this pretty flower is interesting.

"Long, long ago a rich man died in China, leaving vast property and two sons, the mother having died previously. According to the law at that time, the eldest son inherited the property of the father, but it was expected that the eldest would divide the property among his brothers and sisters. The elder of these two sons was grasping, selfish, avaricious, while the younger was gentle, generous, and kind. The elder brother made such a division of his possessions as became his sordid disposition, but his brother knew not the character of his land until he went one day to see it. What he saw was a stony, sterile waste. A few pools of water nestled among the stones, but no vegetation gladdened the ground.

"When he looked about this desert, and realized his brother's cruelty and selfishness, he sat down upon a stone and wept bitterly. While he was weeping and moaning, with his head bowed to his knees, a bright light shone about him, he heard delightful music, and, looking up, his astonished eyes beheld a beautiful woman standing before him, gorgeously arrayed. She asked him why he wept and appeared so miserable and downcast. He tremblingly told the story of his father's death and his brother's cruelty in giving him only this ugly, desert spot of land. She said, 'There, now, go to sleep,' and waved her hand. Instantly he heard again the music, and sank into a sweet sleep.

"He was awakened by a touch upon his forehead, the music ceased, and he heard, as in a dream, the voice of the beautiful woman saying, 'Look! get up and look about you. Your land is no longer sterile, nor will it ever be so again. The sound of your weeping reaches the ear of Buddha, who sent me to bring you peace. Lilies will always grow here, but can be produced nowhere else. They will make you richer and happier than your brother is with his wealth.' And, with a rush of wings, the beautiful woman vanished."

This story is believed by many Chinamen, who say thoughts of the old home far away come to them when they glance at *these lilies*, or smell their fragrance, and this is why Chinamen love and reverence these modest, pretty flowers

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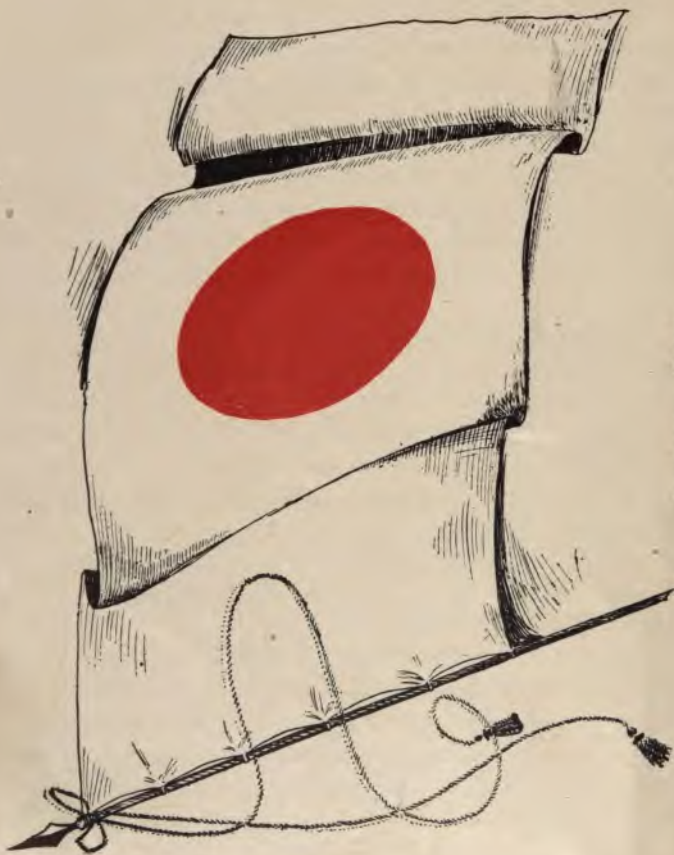
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JAPANESE FLAG

A Little Journey to Japan

FIRST GLIMPSES

It seems as though we had scarcely left China's shores in the distance when we sight Japan, the Island Kingdom of the East. The Japanese call their country the Sunrise Kingdom. Perhaps you think it a very tiny kingdom, but the Mikado rules more than four thousand islands, with a population of over forty millions.

The first object our eyes rest upon as we draw near Japan is Fusi-yama, "The Matchless Mountain." Its summit is crowned with snow, forming a marked contrast to the green plain that surrounds it. It is a sacred mountain to the Japanese. They love and admire it so much that they paint it in most of their landscapes. Look for it in the next Japanese picture you see.

If this were July or August, we should see pilgrims climbing the mountain, to visit the spirit who lives in the volcano at the summit.

A charming view lies before our eyes, the waving plains rising in the background till they join the crumpled ridges of the low mountain ranges. As the sun quickens the clear air with its awakening rays, we see

Our first exclamation is called forth by what looks like a huge baby carriage, with a baby four or five feet tall in it, drawn at a sharp pace by a lean, lank, half-dressed man trotting along in the shafts.

"That is a jinrikisha," says Matsuma. "The word means 'man-power carriage.' One of your country-



THE JINRIKISHA

men—I believe you call him a wag—has interpreted the word to mean Pull-man car."

THE JINRIKISHA

This jinrikisha, although now a very common and popular conveyance, is quite a modern invention. When the United States first began to send ministers and consuls to Japan, the people in that country had no *wheeled vehicle*—that is, no one except the Mikado,



or emperor. He had a two-wheeled cart, in which he rode in great state when he visited the temple to pray for his subjects. This cart was drawn by a sacred white ox.

No one else would have thought of using a cart. It was considered sacred to the Mikado. The nobleman and men in high authority rode in sedan chairs, which were carried on poles upon the shoulders of bearers. The common people used the open bamboo chairs.

Well, it happened that a consul from the United States who lived in Japan had a little daughter, and this baby girl wanted a carriage. There was no such thing in all Japan, so the father and a carpenter set their wits to work to see what might be done.

A pair of light iron wheels was found in the shop of a blacksmith. A carriage body was made by the carpenter to set upon the wheels. It was painted and decorated on board a United States ship, and then taken ashore and presented to the little American girl. Every day she took her airings in it, while hundreds of curious, wondering Japanese eyes followed her.

About this time the Mikado abandoned his ox-cart, and the people were given permission to use wheeled vehicles. The carpenter who had made the baby-carriage built others, large enough to hold grown people. These he quickly sold, and soon the little carriage or jinrikisha became a very popular vehicle.

It is as easy to get into this carriage as to sit down in an armchair, and when we have tried it we think it the most comfortable, the pleasantest, safest and cheapest conveyance ever provided for man.

The usual fare for a drive is a penny, or twopence, and

the hire for half a day about sixpence. These carriages have numbers, and so have the coolies that go with them.

We take a jinrikisha for our sight seeing. As soon as we are seated, off go the coolies at full gallop.

STREET SCENES

The pavements are good and are kept very clean, the footways running along the middle of the street, instead of near the houses. Awnings of matting and canvas protect the long rows of shops from the burning heat of the sun.

The shops take up the entire frontage of the houses and have neither doors nor windows. The whole space is covered with goods of different kinds. There are costly bronzes and china; armor and swords and helmets, and paper goods, lanterns, butterflies and dragons; and here, are silks and all sorts of tortoise-shell articles.

Let us stop to take a more careful look at one of these shops. The dealers—father, mother and daughter—instantly prostrate themselves before us, touching the ground with their foreheads, out of courtesy; while the father unfolds and brings out the most costly articles—from boxes, papers, cotton and silk wrappers—to show them to us, his daughter prepares some tea, which she presents to us kneeling.

But we must leave shopping for another day, and so pass on without making any purchases.

The little wooden houses have no walls either before or behind, and as we fly through the streets we can see through the houses from one end to the other. All *is open*.

In these houses sleepy Japanese are squatting on clean straw matting laid over raised floors; some are smoking tiny pipes; others are sipping tea out of little cups, with the teapot on the ground in front of them. some are sleeping, stretched out on mats, with blocks of wood under their heads for pillows.



HOW THE JAPANESE SLEEP

The people look at us curiously as we pass, but in a kindly, smiling way. There are no hostile glances, such as one notices in China. The people move about in a quiet, dreamy fashion, and speak very softly. Everything seems so strangely quiet, and the figures on the streets so quaint and unreal, that we are almost afraid that we shall wake up and find it all a dream. Even rough foreigners, they say, become more gentle and gracious in this land of the chrysanthemums, where everything is so dainty and fairylike.

We meet children on their way to school, with books done up in cotton handkerchiefs, and hung over their backs; farmers bringing in vegetables to market; laborers going from the city to the rice fields. We see women, with their babies strapped to their backs, attending to their work. Sometimes they watch the



GOING HOME FROM A DAY'S WORK

shops while the men are away at work. Some of the shops are tiny, the entire stock consisting of a few toys or cakes, and some candy and trinkets.

There are hucksters, too, sitting on the ground with their wares spread out before them. Others are wandering about with baskets or trays of fruit, flowers, and pottery. Some of the pedlers have little toys, or games and shows, to tempt the children who are passing by.

The children stop now and then, make a purchase, *and tuck the toys* in a sash worn about the waist, or in

the sleeves. These are very large and flowing, and sewed up part way so as to serve as pockets. We watch many groups of children, but hear no quarrels or angry words.

Here comes a Japanese news-man. He has a bell tied to his waistband which announces his business. Suppose we buy a paper, in order to see what it is like. What a queer-looking affair! There are no big headlines to tell us the nature of the most important news of the day. There are very few illustrations, and what there are appear rough and crude to us. The titles run from top to bottom, and the last page corresponds with the first in one of our papers.

We meet no beggars at all, and on asking why, we are told that begging is not practiced in Japan. The poor are supported by their relatives, and if a man asks for food of strangers it is because he is starving.

We are much interested in the footwear of the passers-by. Both men and women wear blue or white stockings made like clumsy mittens, with a separate part for the big toe, so that the strap of the shoe or sandal can pass between it and the other toes. The sandals, made of plaited rice straw, are worn in pleasant weather. In rainy weather a huge, clumsy wooden sole, with two upright supports underneath, is worn. This shoe has the appearance of a little stool fastened to the foot, and leaves a print in the mud something like a chicken track. When a Japanese man meets a friend a common form of salute is to take off the sandals, as a token of respect.

Sometimes we meet a gentleman on horseback, taking his exercise. He is usually dressed in native cos-

tume, except for his hat. He wears a lower garment which is divided like a pair of flowing trousers. The trappings are very old-fashioned. The saddles are huge and clumsy, and thickly padded. The riders do not allow their horses to go very fast, for that is considered undignified.

Japanese horseshoes are made of rice straw, are about half an inch thick, and are tied to the horses' feet with straw strings. A man who drives horses is obliged to carry a stock of fresh shoes with him, as straw shoes soon wear out. They are not expensive, however, a set costing less than a cent.

JAPANESE HOMES

The houses seem very odd to us. They are low, and from the outside look like little square barns. The floors and roofs and two of the walls are of wood, but the other two walls are made of a kind of thick paper.

The Japanese use paper for many things. For windows they make a sort of latticework, covered with thin paper. A large paper screen answers for a door; their lanterns, parasols, napkins and even their handkerchiefs are of paper.

A Japanese house has no partitions built in, but the one large room is divided up into smaller rooms by folding screens. The house is always as neat as can be, from roof to floor; perhaps this is partly because there is so little furniture to keep clean, and partly because shoes are never worn into the house, so no mud or dust is thus brought in. The floor is covered with a thick mat upon which the people sit cross-legged. At *night the thick, soft mats form their beds.* As they



A JAPANESE COUNTRY HOME

have no chairs, they need only a very low table, usually not more than six inches high, and this is brought in only at meal time.

It would be hard to find the stove in a Japanese house. Who would suspect that little box of sand to be a stove? When it is time to get the dinner, some hot coals of charcoal will be placed upon the sand, or in a brass dish, and the tea-kettle will be hung over them to boil. There the rice and fish will be cooked.

When dinner is ready, it is served in the daintiest and thinnest little cups and dishes, upon a table not more than two feet square and six inches high. Do you wonder people sometimes call the Japanese homes "doll houses"?

The Jap does not have all his pretty pictures and bric-a-brac out at once. He keeps these carefully put away, and takes out only one picture and one vase at a time. These are changed every few days. The prettiest thing about a Japanese home is the vase of fresh flowers, which is placed on a stand every morning. No one knows so well as the Japanese girl how to arrange flowers prettily.

THE PEOPLE

The people have yellow or dark-red complexions, small, deep-set eyes, short, rather flat noses, broad heads and thick black hair. They are, as a usual thing, well built, active and supple.

Their gait is awkward, owing partly to their clumsy shoes. That of the women is worst, because of their tightly bandaged hips. But they do not deform *their feet by wearing tight shoes*, as do the Chinese.

Most of the people have intelligent faces, and as a race they are intelligent. They are quick to adopt new ways and make use of inventions which will improve the condition of their country. They build their own ships, manage their own railways, and manufacture fine clocks and lamps, etc., using foreign models.

We are surprised to find them so well supplied with railways, telegraph lines, electric lights, telephones, and public buildings very like our own in architecture.

The Japanese people are divided into three classes, the nobility, the gentry and the common people. The lowest class of laboring people are known as coolies.

Most of the foreigners are engaged in the tea and silk trades. The former have large "go-downs," or store-rooms. They fire their own teas and employ hundreds of men, women and children. Silk is brought to the purchaser in large, softly wound bundles. Its quality is tested by being run over wooden wheels, and then it is sent to different places abroad for dyeing, though the Japanese themselves are experts in this line.

Some of the people now live exactly as we do in our



A WOMAN OF THE UPPER CLASS

country. They build their houses like ours, cook food as we do, and wear clothes like our clothes. Our guide tells us that they also entertain very much as we do. They give receptions, dinners, balls and parties in their homes, and have adopted many of our manners and customs.

But, though European dress has been adopted by so many of the men, the majority of women cling to their ancient costumes, and very pretty and picturesque these are. Hats are worn only in rainy weather, but the fan is a necessary part of every costume, in all classes.

The climate is so mild that the people live out of doors much of the time. The nights are cool and comfortable. June and September are the rainy seasons, when all heavy clothing is packed away to preserve it from mildew, and the coolies don their rain coats, instead of their blue cotton suits and white hats.

In Japan the center of social life is the family. Every one is supposed to belong to some family, and to be attached to its residence. The family is more closely united than it is in America, for there are no tenements and apartment houses. Each family occupies its own home, however humble it may be.

A Japanese house for a middle-class family usually consists of from seven to ten rooms, with a little garden attached. Besides the married couple and their children, some of their relatives usually live in the house, their brothers, sisters and parents being entitled to membership in the same family.

An important feature in the home life is that younger *members of a family* must pay special respect to the

elder members. This applies to brothers and sisters, as well as to the children of the household. The head of a family is usually a married man, who is responsible for the support of the entire household and for the management of the estate.

Property was formerly considered as belonging to the family, instead of to the individual, and stood in the name of the "head" of the family. This has been changed, however, and by recent laws any person in Japan, male or female, may own property in his or her individual right. But all family property is still transferred from head to head, whenever there is a change in the headship. If there are no children, a boy or youth from another family is adopted, and he succeeds, in due time, to the headship.

We soon show the natives that we are not prying into the lives of the Japanese for mere pastime, or holiday curiosity, but with a sincere desire to learn the manners and ways that seem to give these people such cheerfulness and peace.

Matsuma tells us most that we learn about the lives of the more refined and exclusive classes. We have no desire to intrude on them, any more than we should want foreigners, who are uncouth according to our tastes, to come to our homes and intrude upon our private life.

For the woman of the higher class the day begins in the early morning with a stroll about the garden before breakfast, during which she tends her plants, waters her flowers, and perhaps here and there snips off a little branch from some petted tree, in the training of which her ancestors may have labored for years. This gar-

den may be a space only ten feet square, and still be a source of pleasure to a family of taste.

After the stroll in the garden comes the cheerful breakfast, at which all the members of the family are present. The repast consists chiefly of rice, cooked as only a Japanese can cook it, every kernel separate and entire. After breakfast the master goes to his office, the children start for school, and the mistress attends to her domestic duties.

Respect for age is a national trait, so the Japanese woman's first pleasure (duty) is to see her own or her husband's father and mother, who usually live in another wing of the home. She takes to them the cheer of her presence, and lovingly attends to their wants. They are called the *Goinkyo-sama* (Honorable Mr. and Mrs. Retired Persons).

In the morning the ladies are frequently engaged in starching old clothes and spreading them on large boards to dry in the sunshine. This is the first step in



THE TREE PLANT

making over old garments, and is done in the open air. Nearly all Japanese women make their own clothes; even the wealthiest embroider their garments themselves. They are very economical little dressmakers, and do much planning, cutting, basting and remodeling.

Much loving care is bestowed on the younger children by the mother, and although she seldom or never kisses them, she has quiet little caresses to lavish upon them.

In Japan the higher-class women never go to market; the market comes to them. That is, the dealers call and offer wares for sale at their customers' doors. The fish-merchant brings his stock, and, if a fish is sold, prepares it for cooking. The green-grocer, the saki-dealer, and nowadays the meat-man, all go to their patrons' houses.

The evening meal is served at, or a little before, dusk the year round. A small table, about one foot square and eight inches high, is set before each person. On this is a lacquer tray, with space for four or five dishes, each four or five inches in diameter. There is a fixed place for each little bowl and dish. The rice bowl is on the left, the soup bowl in the middle.

One's appetite is measured by the amount of rice one eats. A maid is at hand with a large box of rice, to replenish the bowls. If a few grains are left in the bottom of the bowl, she is aware that the person who is eating has had sufficient; but should one empty his bowl, she will once more fill it.

JAPANESE MANNERS

The Japanese are remarkable for their formality of speech and politeness of manner. The way in which



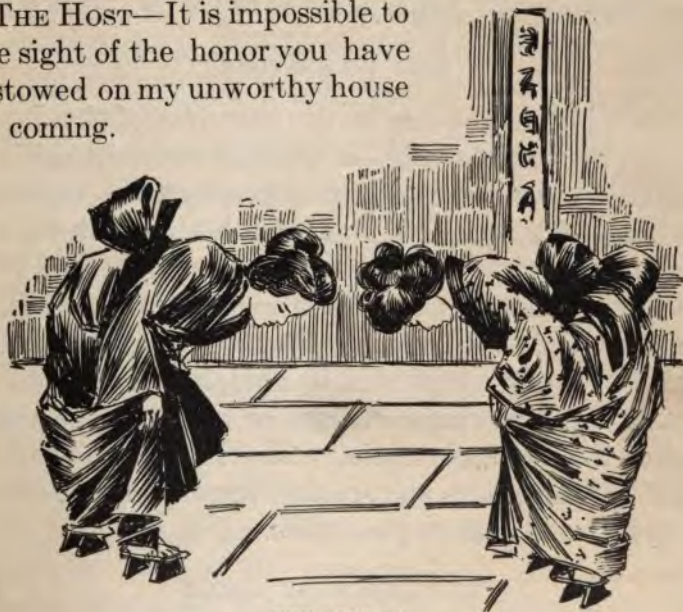
THE EVENING MEAL

John Gilbert.

a departing guest and his host take leave of one another is an elaborate, and to us, very interesting procedure. The following dialogue is an example of what may pass between the two as the visitor prepares to depart after an evening party:

THE GUEST—I can, of course, never repay you for the extreme pleasure I have had in visiting your honorable excellency.

THE HOST—It is impossible to lose sight of the honor you have bestowed on my unworthy house by coming.



THE GOOD-BY

THE GUEST—I can only pray that your excellency will doign to visit at my augustly insignificant house.

THE HOST—It is the desire of my heart to see much of your highness, and for that reason I trust you will very often accept my meager hospitality.

THE GUEST—I beseech your honor to visit me at a

speedy date, and deign to accept what little entertainment my house can afford.

THE HOST—On all occasions my house is yours.

THE GUEST—And mine yours.

THE HOST—Consider my house as your own.

THE GUEST—And mine yours.

A number of profound bows follow, in which each manages to touch the ground with his head, and the guest takes his departure.

SELF-POSSESSION

It is said that nothing in the character of the Japanese people is so remarkable as their constant self-possession. Does not Scripture say something to the effect that he who ruleth himself is better than he who taketh a city? Who can give the exact quotation?

Then are not the Japanese to be admired? They lose their temper only under the most extreme circumstances. They regard it as ill-bred, impolite, and even wicked to show either distress or anger. The visible sign of this is their smile. The English proverb is, "Think twice before you speak," the Japanese advice is always to smile before you speak.

THE JAPANESE SMILE

It must indeed be a very bad person who can harbor wicked intentions behind a smile. Try it. Sometime when you are angry, smile, and see if the bad thoughts do not fly away like owls before a sunrise.

Among the many stories told by travelers in Japan illustrating this secret of the people's self-control, is *the following*:

"One day," the traveler says, "as I was driving down from the Bluff, I saw an empty *kuruma* coming up on the wrong side of the curve. I could not have pulled up if I had tried; but I didn't try, because I didn't think there was any particular danger. I only yelled to the man, in Japanese, to get to the other side of the road; instead of which he simply backed his *kuruma* against a wall on the lower side of the curve, with the shafts outward. At the rate I was going, there wasn't room even to swerve; and the next minute one of the shafts of that *kuruma* was in my horse's shoulder. The man wasn't hurt at all.

"When I saw the way my horse was bleeding I quite lost my temper, and struck the man over the head with the butt of my whip. He looked right into my face and smiled, and then bowed. I can see that smile now. I felt as if I had been knocked down. The smile utterly nonplused me—killed all my anger instantly. Mind you, it was a polite smile. But what did it mean? Why did the man smile?

"The Japanese smile is taught like the bow. It is to be used when speaking to a superior or to an equal, even upon occasions which are not pleasant. The most agreeable face is the smiling face; and to present always the most agreeable face possible is a rule of life. No matter how unhappy one is, it is a duty to smile bravely. To look serious or unhappy is rude, because this may cause anxiety or pain to those who love us.

"The Japanese teach that to exhibit your grief is to distress others, and to distress others is a great sin. The servant sentenced to dismissal for a fault pro-

trates himself and asks for pardon with a smile. That smile indicates the very reverse of callousness or insolence: 'Be assured that I am satisfied with the great



A SERVANT BEFORE HER
MASTER

justice of your honorable sentence, and that I am now aware of the gravity of my fault. Yet my sorrow and my necessity have caused me to indulge the unreasonable hope that I may be forgiven for my great rudeness in asking pardon.' The youth or girl beyond the age of childish tears, when punished for some error, receives the punishment with a smile which means: 'No evil feeling arises in my heart; much worse than this my fault has deserved.' "

DRESS

Men, women, and children wear a loose, comfortable garment which looks just like a dressing gown tied around the waist with a girdle. Little boys wear dark blue, gray or brown; while the little girls, even baby girls, wear bright red or yellow. Japanese babies never wear white, as that is the color of mourning in Japan.

The sleeves of the outer garment are made very wide and long, and as only a small part of each is needed for the arm, the rest is folded and sewed to form a big pocket. There the little Jap carries his choicest treasures.

The boys and men wear belts four or five inches wide, but the girls and their mammas wear wide sashes tied in immense bows behind. The belt is the most *important part* of a Japanese dress. Each girl has a

pretty embroidered case made to hold a quire of soft paper handkerchiefs. This case is stuck in the belt,



DRESS OF A JAPANESE GIRL

as are also the fan, the writing brush, and a stick of India ink. From the belt hangs the purse, and even the school books, done up in a square piece of silk.

In the house the Japanese wear only their thick white stockings on their feet. These stockings are not knit, but are made of cloth. For the street a thick wood sandal or

clog is slipped on. This is held in place by a single strap passing between the toes and around the ankle.

A baby's hair is kept shaved close to its head, until the child is four years old. Then a little patch on the back of its head, and one on each side, are allowed to grow. When only a few months old the baby is strapped to the back of an older brother or sister, and is carried about, while the older child is at play. The little one must get many a bump and tumble, and his small head wabbles about as though it would fall off, but he does not mind that. When he begins to walk

alone a small brass plate, on which is engraved the name and address of his parents, is fastened to his girdle, so if he wanders away he can easily be returned to his home.

A JAPANESE DINNER

Our guide tells us that we are to take dinner with a friend of his to-day. He knows quite well that we are eager to see as much as possible of the home life of the Japanese people, and he has secured this invitation for us.



JAPANESE LADIES AT LUNCH

Our hostess is at the door to meet us, having heard our voices. We say good-morning to her, and then take off our shoes, as we have been told this is the proper thing to do. No one in Japan ever enters a house with his shoes on.

The house fronts on a pretty garden, while from the *back* we can see out into the country. There are six

rooms, all opening into one another. The rooms look rather bare, but they are very clean.

Our dinner is served to us as we sit on the floor. Each of us has a tray. On the trays are dishes containing soup, fish, rice and vegetables.

It is great fun to eat with chop-sticks, but slow work for us, for we are very clumsy. The children of the family are too courteous to laugh or even smile at our awkwardness, however.

After dinner the little girls bring out their guitars and play for us, and then we play games which are much like our battledore and shuttlecock, and "jackstones."

JAPANESE CHILDREN

The Japanese are the happiest children one can find anywhere. They are also gentle, obedient and polite. As soon as a child can stand, his training in manners begins. Almost his first words are "please," and "thank you." Impoliteness is practically unknown.

Crying is very rarely heard among the Japanese. Even the babies make no complaint of any kind, no matter how they are bundled about. Girls of eight or ten years often carry their younger brothers or sisters tied to their backs; and perhaps the baby sleeps while they make mud pies or play games.

The Japanese children romp and shout at play, but rarely hurt one another, and never quarrel.

Japan has been called a paradise for babies, because the grown folks play with them so much. The child has no amusement that is not shared with much zest by his parents and older friends.

There are no people in the world so fond of toys as



JAPANESE CHILDREN

the Japanese, but the pretty trifles give instruction as well as amusement to those who play with them.

Every now and then we meet a toy-pedler going about carrying little ovens with real fire in them. We are told these are for the children to use. They rent the ovens from the pedlers for an hour or so. The man sells bits of dough also, and the children bake the dough while he waits for the stove. Sometimes the man cuts out Japanese letters for them to cook. Other pedlers mold animals of rice paste for them.

GAMES

The children have one game like our "Authors"; they call it "One Hundred Verses of One Hundred Poets." It teaches the names and best sayings of the *great scholars of Japan*.

They have dissected maps of Japan and the rest of the world. Some of their games teach morals.

One thing they are fond of playing is much like our "Puss in the Corner." The four corners of the room are Havens of Truth, where everyone is safe. In the middle of the room is one child dressed, according to the Japanese idea of a devil, all in black, with black



PLAYING FLOWER CARDS

draperies over his head. This black-robed monster catches whoever he can, while the children rush from one corner to another.

They have a game of checkers very much like ours. It is played on a raised stand or table, about six inches in height. The number of *go*, or checkers, including black and white, is three hundred and sixty. In *sho-gi*, or chess, the pieces number forty in all. Back-gam-

mon is also a favorite game, and there are several forms of it.

About the time of the old New Year's, when the winds of February and March are favorable, kites are flown; and there are few sports in which Japanese boys—from the infant on the back to the full-grown and the over-grown boy—take more delight.

The Japanese kites are made of tough paper pasted on a frame of bamboo sticks, and are usually rectangular in shape. Some of them, however, are made to represent people, birds and animals, insects, etc. On the rectangular kites are pictures of ancient heroes or beautiful women, dragons, horses, monsters of various kinds, or huge Chinese characters. Some of the kites are six feet square. Many of them have a thin, tense ribbon of whalebone at the top, which vibrates in the wind, making a loud, humming noise.

The boys frequently name their kites Genji or Heike, and have battles with them. Each contestant endeavors to destroy his rival's kite as it sails in the air. For this purpose, the string, for ten or twenty feet near the kite end, is first covered with glue, and then dipped into pounded glass, which covers the string with tiny blades, each able to cut quickly and deeply. By getting the kite in proper position, and suddenly sawing the string of his antagonist, one boy can cut the other's kite loose. The severed kite falls, to be claimed by the victor.

But most of all the children love to listen to weird tales and legends. The grandmother of the family is usually a capital story-teller, and with her stories will *keep the company* of little people interested for hours.



JAPANESE CHILDREN AT PLAY

Stories of cats, rabbits, dogs, monkeys, and foxes, which are born, pass through babyhood, are nursed, watched, and educated by anxious parents with all due moral and religious care, enjoy the sports proper to their age, fall in love, marry, rear a family, and live happy ever afterward, form the subjects of the tiny picture-books for tiny people.

Although stories of domestic animals are abundant, few of those creatures are to be found. It is one of the first curious features that we, as visitors, notice, and it is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscape paintings. There are no cows; the Japanese neither drink milk nor eat beef. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of foreigners. The freight carts in the streets are pushed and pulled by coolies, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men. There are but few varieties of dogs. There are no sheep, as wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs; pork is an unknown article of diet, and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats or mules or donkeys.

"There," says Matsuma, pointing out a group of children playing in a yard, "you can see how Japanese children amuse themselves."

"Why is that child sitting against the tree so still?" asks one of us.

"That child is a doll," he answers. "No doubt it was made for the mother of these children's great-great-grandmother. It may have been in the family a hundred years. Dolls in Japan are not made to be broken. The people think that if many generations *love a doll*, it may have a soul loved into it.

"You see," he continues, "that the children are playing in the garden among the flowers, and yet not a flower is hurt. They would think it very sinful needlessly to hurt a beautiful plant."



A JAPANESE BOY

It is in the garden that the little ones first learn something of the wonderful life of plants and the marvels of the insect world; and there, also, they are first taught those pretty legends and songs about birds and flowers which form so charming a part of Japanese folklore. As the home training of the child is left mostly to the mother, lessons of kindness to animals are early learned.

Little Japanese girls who play with insects or small animals rarely hurt them, and generally set them free after the tiny creatures have afforded a reasonable amount of amusement. Little boys are not so good, when out of sight of parents or guardians. But if seen doing anything cruel, a child is made to feel ashamed of the act, and hears the Buddhist warning, "Thy future birth will be unhappy, if thou dost cruel things." It is a part of the religion of a Japanese to believe that souls are born into this life more than once.

Several pretty dogs are frisking about, but we see no cats, and find they are not favorites in Japan. The people think that cats are ungrateful. "Feed a dog for three days," says a Japanese proverb, "and he will remember your kindness for three years; feed a cat for three years and she will forget your kindness in three days."

"Cats are mischievous," Matsuma tells us. "They tear the mattings, and sharpen their claws upon the



THE FEAST OF DOLLS—A JAPANESE HOME ON THE THIRD DAY
OF THE THIRD MONTH

pillars of the holy temples. Cats are under a curse: only the cat and the venomous serpent wept not at the death of Buddha; and these shall never enter into the bliss of heaven."

Even in the cities now given over to European manners, the pretty customs concerning children still remain. The Feast of the Dolls, on the third day of the *third month*, is regularly observed.

All the family dolls are brought together in some public place, dressed in their most gorgeous gowns. Some of the dolls and their gowns may have been in the family for a hundred years.

The boys are as much interested in this day as the girls; but it is not regarded their day so much as is the Feast of Flags, which comes later. On that day every kind of banner to be imagined is floated from poles, houses, and every available place.

THE SCHOOLS

Would you like to visit a Japanese school? There are good public schools in Japan like ours, and kindergartens, too. Let us go to the kindergarten first, and then to one of the primary schools which is like the old-time Japanese schools.

The missionaries introduced the kindergarten here, and the Japanese people adopted their ideas with enthusiasm. Several training schools have been founded, and these have opened a new field of work to Japanese women, for the girl graduates have established kindergartens of their own. In Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka, and Kobe kindergarten societies have been formed which publish a periodical in Japanese.

We might watch the operation of a Japanese kindergarten day after day without tiring. The babies begin to troop in at nine o'clock in the morning. The kindergarten generally consists of two or three square rooms with straw mats on the floor. As the Japanese never wear their shoes in the house, this matting is always spotlessly clean. In their own homes the little Japs kneel on cushions on the floor, but in the kinder-



A JAPANESE KINDERGARTEN

garten they have the same little chairs, and tables marked into squares, which we use in this country. Leaving their wooden shoes in a stand made for the purpose, just outside the door, they enter in their white socks and bow very low to the teachers before running to their places. Japanese politeness is taught when a child begins to crawl, and as soon as he can stand he learns to make a bow.

The Japanese children who go to the kindergarten look like the Japanese dolls which our children play with, except that their faces are really much prettier and more attractive. But their hair is cut in the same fantastic way, and their little *kimonos* and *obis* are even more attractive in the original than in the imitation.

Each child is brought by a nurse or his mother, or an older sister, and carries a little lunch box, carefully packed at home. It is made of lacquer, in three compartments, one on top of the other, and each compartment is filled with a different kind of food, the most important of all being rice. When noon comes the children sit down at the tables with their boxes, a bowl of tea, and chop-sticks, before them. At a signal the chop-sticks are lifted, dipped into the tea, and then convey rice, bits of meat and pickles to the small mouths with wonderful rapidity.

There is one fascinating occupation to be enjoyed by Japanese children in the kindergarten, which is denied to boys and girls of other climates. This is the raising of silk worms, and finally the winding of the silk from their own cocoons.

A great feature of the Japanese kindergarten, like all others, is the custom of having a mass of growing,

is regarded as a good omen, and the children take great delight in watching the nest-building and the rearing of the birdlings. As if with an idea of the eternal fitness of things, the birds always make these house nests much more symmetrical than those they build in more exposed and public positions.

In this country, cranes are trained to do the same sort of service as our carrier-pigeons. It is fun to watch them set off with their loud, harsh cries, and no less interesting is it to see them arrive. One may trust them with a very full correspondence. The white



JAPANESE STRINGED INSTRUMENTS

herons, as well as the cranes, are protected from the fowler, as they are considered sacred.

It astonishes us to see how tame every animal is. Even the frogs and little harmless snakes hardly trouble themselves to get out of our way. Matsuma explains to us that it is because the people are so universally kind to birds and animals of all sorts. The white heron are plentiful, and occasionally we see huge storks, six feet high, stalking along the streams.

On the hills where the path winds through the woods *the snow has been* disturbed by the wild boar. We

In all the villages the people are on the lookout for the coming foreigners. The entire population, from wrinkled old men and stout young clowns, to hobbling hags, girls with red cheeks and laughing black eyes, and toddling children, are out. The women, babies, and dogs seem especially eager to see us.

The village houses are built of a frame of wood, with wattles of bamboo smeared with mud, and having a thatched roof. Within, the floor is raised a foot or so above the ground, and covered with mats. When the rooms have parti-

tions, these consist



VEGETABLE PEDLER

of wooden frames covered with paper, and are made to slide in grooves. In the middle of the floor is the fireplace. From the ceiling hang pot-hooks, pots, and kettles—one for tea, one for rice, another for radishes, beans, or bean-cheese.

In these villages good-nature and poverty seem to

THE MONEY OF JAPAN

The currency of Japan is on the same numerical basis as that of the United States. One yen corresponds to our dollar, and contains one hundred sen or cent. There are one and two sen copper pieces, five sen silver and nickel pieces, ten, twenty and fifty sen silver pieces, and one yen in both paper and silver, the higher denominations being in paper. There are also gold coins, but these are rarely seen.

In traveling about we find that a passport is necessary, as well as money. This passport is secured from the consul. In our own country people can travel about and no one asks any troublesome questions, except to gratify curiosity. In some monarchies, however, officers are appointed to find out every stranger's purpose in traveling over the country.

PLANT LIFE

Everywhere about us we see flowering trees and shrubs in bloom. Our guide tells us that the four seasons, each marked by the blooming of a special flower, are celebrated by great feasts, in which everyone takes part.

At such times the women, dressed in beautiful bright kimonos and their best obis, toddle about, buying queer toys for the amusement of the babies that are invariably strapped to their backs with gaily colored pieces of crape. In the evening all is life and excitement in the show streets. Banners fly, drums beat, jugglers perform in front of their platforms to tempt you to see greater wonders inside. Strong men wrestle, and animals roar. One crowd succeeds another in endless *succession*.

The gardens of the Japanese people are interesting places to visit, for they are miniature representations of landscapes. In them we see hills, lakes, rivers, islands, and waterfalls—and all on a piece of land not more than a hundred yards square. The trees are dwarfed, and made to grow in many strange shapes, such as figures of men, towers, and arches.

The favorite flower, and the most beautiful, is the cherry blossom. Many varieties are cultivated, and



A FLORAL EXHIBITION

the trees are often trained so that instead of growing upward to a great height they spread out like umbrellas.

The people are fond of making up picnic parties or festivals and spending whole days in their cherry gar-

temple. It is joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus, which is covered at high tide. Enoshima is famous for its pretty sea shells, and still more for



TAKING A RIDE IN A PALANQUIN

its cave, which is three hundred and seventy-two feet deep, and contains a shrine that can be visited at low tide.

CONTRASTS OF THE MOUNTAINS AND SEA COASTS

In our travels far back into the country we observe the customs of old Japan. In the cities along the coast that are frequented by Europeans, one could almost fancy himself to be in a port of one of the western nations. Farther inland the styles of dress and the household customs are less affected by the ways of *foreigners*.

English pilot in the Dutch service. He landed in Japan, according to the letter he wrote home a few years later, about the middle of April, 1600. He was restrained from leaving the country, by Prince Ieyasu, and died in 1620.

By the sheer force of a manly, honest character this sturdy Briton gained the regard of the people. His knowledge of shipbuilding, mathematics, and foreign affairs made him a very useful man. He was appointed an officer, and given the revenues of the village of Hemi in Sagami, near the modern Yokosuka, where are situated the dry-docks, machine-shops, and ship-building houses in which the modern war vessels of the imperial navy are built.

One of the streets of Yedo was named after Will Adams—Anjin Cho (Pilot Street). The people of that street still hold an annual celebration on the 15th of June in his honor. When he died he was buried on the summit of one of the lovely hills overlooking the Bay of Yedo, Goldsborough Inlet, and the surrounding beautiful and classical landscape. Adams chose the spot himself. The people of Yedo erected memorial-stone lanterns at his tomb.

OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST

The remainder of our sightseeing will be done from boats and railroad trains. Yokohama is not all of Japan, and there is much yet to be seen before our departure from the Land of Sunrise.

The "Inland Sea" is the name given to a portion of the Pacific Ocean imprisoned between the main island of Japan and the islands of Kiushiu and Shikoku.

A beautiful willow tree growing in a garden of Kyoto somehow acquired the reputation of having a soul. Not believing this, the owner, who was a prince, de-



A BUDDHIST TEMPLE

cided to cut it down and stop the gossip. One of his neighbors, who was subject to the prince and rented the *ground from him*, said to the unbelieving owner:

"Rather sell it to me, that I may plant it in my garden. That tree has a soul; it were cruel to destroy its life." Thus purchased and transplanted, the tree flourished well in its new home, and its spirit, out of gratitude, secretly took the form of a beautiful woman and became the wife of the man who had befriended it. A son was born to them.

A few years later the prince to whom the ground belonged gave orders that the tree should be cut down.

Then the wife wept bitterly, and for the first time revealed to her husband who she was. "And now," she added, "I know that I must die; but our child will live, and you will always love him. This thought is my only solace." Vainly the astonished and terrified husband sought to detain her. Bidding him farewell forever, she vanished into the tree.

Needless to say, the husband did everything in his power to persuade the owner to forego his purpose. The prince wanted the tree for the repairing of a great Buddhist temple. The tree was felled, but, having fallen, it suddenly became so heavy that three hundred men could not move it. Then the child of the woman whose spirit was in the tree, taking a branch in his little hand, said: "Come," and the tree followed him, gliding along the ground to the court of the temple.

As Matsuma has been entertaining us with stories, the queer carriages and yet more singular horses have been taking us through the outskirts of the city to a road which leads out into the country.

In the gardens bordering the roadsides we see azaleas, japonica bushes, tea shrubs, and cherry trees. Matsuma says that it is a good time to visit the fields, as

a day in damp weather; six, seven, or eight times in hot weather, or whenever it is dry and the wind dries the litter.

For a week at a time the tiny gluttons crawl and eat, shedding their skins at intervals of several days; then they take a day and night of sleep, maintaining this routine for five weeks. When they have grown large enough, they begin to wind themselves up in cocoons—those lovely silken houses in which no opening of any sort can be discovered. In these houses the worms change their shape and appearance, each one becoming a chrysalis, and finally emerging from its prison in the shape of a small, cream-colored butterfly. The butterfly lives without food for a few days, then dies. The female deposits for the next season from three hundred and fifty to four hundred eggs.

When the worms are preparing for the long sleep, a layer of rice bran is placed on the paper on which they lie, and above it a sort of thread covered with chopped mulberry leaves. The following day, toward noon, the worms are all perched upon the thread, which is next cautiously shifted to another place, in order to change the litter.

This operation is repeated twice between each sleep, according to the atmospheric variations. The day after their sleep only one meal is given them. Thereafter the rations are increased in accordance with certain rules. The three sleeps require the same sort of care, the one as the other. Only at the fourth sleep must the worms be taken up by the hand instead of allowing them to get up. Three days afterward whole *leaves are given them.*

of Tenjin in Matsue, inclosed in a cage of brass; and that people paid one sen each to look at it. It resembled a badger. When the weather was clear, it would sleep contentedly in its cage. But when there was thunder in the air, it would become excited, and seem to grow very strong, and its eyes would flash dazzlingly.

INDUSTRIES AND PRODUCTIONS

Japan could very well be a hermit kingdom, like Corea, as long as it pleased, since its soil and its mountains bear all that the people need.

It is rich in gold, silver, copper, lead, mercury, tin, coal, sulphur, and salt. Iron is also to be found, and of excellent quality in the form of magnetic oxide, the cost of smelting it is great. A great variety of stones are

found in almost every province, together with granite, porphyry, gneiss, freestone, etc. Agates and jaspers of great size and beauty, and small garnets, abound. There is, perhaps,



SPINNING, PAINTING AND WRITING

every province, together with granite, porphyry, gneiss, freestone, etc. Agates and jaspers of great size and beauty, and small garnets, abound. There is, perhaps,

lieves the mischief to have been accomplished by the claws of the Thunder Animal.

The Thunder Animal springs from tree to tree during a storm, Matsuma says; wherefore to stand under trees in time of thunder and lightning is very dangerous; the Thunder Animal might step on one's head or shoulders.

Incense is always burned during storms, because the Thunder Animal hates the smell of incense. A tree stricken by lightning is thought to have been torn and scar-



THE THUNDER GOD



GOD OF RAIN

red by the claws of this fierce creature; and fragments of its bark and wood are carefully collected and preserved by dwellers in the vicinity; for the wood of a blasted tree is alleged to have the singular virtue of curing toothache.

Once, it is said, the Thunder Animal fell into a well, and got entangled in the ropes and buckets, and so was captured alive. And some folk say they remember that the Thunder

Animal was once exhibited in the court of the Temple

times a day. Meantime the second day's hatch is fed five or six times a day, until it overtakes the first, and so on. The third and fourth are pushed forward in like manner by warmth and numerous feeds; and if possible all of the worms are put through the molt at the same time.

When it is desirable to prevent an egg from being hatched at the usual time after being laid, it is kept at a temperature between fifty-nine and sixty degrees, and is then exposed fourteen days to cold. To cause an egg to hatch before the usual time, they expose it to cold twenty days after being laid and keep it in that condition for two months. Six weeks later it will be in the same condition as an ordinary egg, and can be treated in the same manner.

Last, but not least, comes the process of unwinding the cocoons, fifty days after their formation. Some times they are exposed to the sun between two sheets of paper. Or, mayhap, they are placed above boiling water. Again, they are put in a very tight drawer and turned over from time to time. Finally, camphor may be put in the box containing them. At any rate the whirling reel soon changes the yellow balls into great skeins of shining silk, ready to be twisted, tied and woven, either at home or across the blue seas.

Silk is the most valuable article of export which Japan produces, and raw silk to the value of thirty millions of yens (dollars) goes annually to foreign consumers, while at home seven millions of yens' worth of manufactured fabrics is used. This will give some idea of the silkworm industry in the little isle across the Pacific.

THE RICE FIELDS

But of greater importance in the life of the people than silk raising is the product of the rice fields.

The rice plant is a kind of grass which thrives best in low, damp land, as it needs a great deal of water. It must be set out in the wet season. At this time we may see both men and women standing in mud and water, busy at their work in the rice fields. They wear large hats which look like inverted bowls, and rain coats made of straw or oiled paper.

After the seed has been sown, the field is usually flooded with water several inches deep until the seeds sprout. The water is then drawn off, but the field is again flooded before the grain ripens, and the higher the water rises, the higher the rice grows, the ear always keeping above the water. It commonly grows three or four feet high, and bears its grain in heads, much like oats.

A few days before the rice is ready to cut, the water is drawn off from the field, and the grain is cut with sickles and spread out to dry. The next day it is tied up in sheaves or bundles, carried to dry ground, and piled up in stacks.

The rice is separated from the straw in a threshing machine, from which it comes out with the husk on. The husk is taken off in a mill, where the rice passes between large grinding stones, which rub it off and leave the grains white and clear. As many of the grains are broken in this grinding, the rice is then turned round and round in a barrel made of wire netting, the meshes of which grow larger toward the bottom. In *this way it is* divided into several kinds; first the flour

falls through the fine netting at the top, then the small pieces through the next larger holes, then the "middling" rice or large pieces pass through, and lastly the whole grains fall out at the end.



DRINKING SAKI

Rice is the principal food of nearly a third of the human race, mostly in hot climates.

From rice the Japanese make a kind of beer called *saki*, which may be termed the national intoxicating drink.

TEA PLANTATIONS

The tea fields are usually on the sides of the hills, the rice being grown in the lowlands. A new plantation is made by sowing the seed in holes at proper distances, two or three seeds being put into a hole to secure a plant. The first crop is obtained in the third year, when the shrub is by no means full grown. When about seven



A JAPANESE HOME

years old, it yields only a scanty crop of hard leaves, and is cut down, when new shoots rise from the root and bear fine leaves in abundance. This is repeated from time to time, till the plant dies at about the age of thirty years.

The tea is of two kinds—green and black—which are *made from the same leaves*, but are cured differently.

When the leaves are dried quickly they make green tea, but when they are allowed to dry slowly, so that they ferment or work a little, they turn black and make black tea.

The leaves are first slightly dried in shallow baskets in the sun, and are then put, a few at a time, in an iron or copper pan, heated usually over a charcoal fire, and stirred until they are dry enough, when they are emptied upon a table, where other workmen roll them with their hands into the little rolls in which we see them. They are afterward dried again, sorted, and made ready for packing.

The Japanese have a legend to explain the origin of tea. They say that a priest, who went from India to China about the beginning of the sixth century, fell asleep one day when he wished to watch and pray, and in a moment of anger cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground, where they grew into the tea shrub, the leaves of which are good to prevent sleep.

NAGASAKI

We stop at one other port before sailing for home, and that is Nagasaki, where the ship takes on coal.

Nagasaki is the most southerly of Japan's large seaports, and is one of the most delightful places in the country. Sailing into its beautiful harbor, we see on either side imposing rocks and wooded hills; clean little villages on the banks, with gardens and well-cultivated rice fields all about, kept as neatly as though they served only for playthings.

Twilight comes on, and lights—red, white and blue—soon appear about the harbor in paper lanterns. They

become more and more numerous, and soon they glitter by thousands in the streets, on the open verandas before the houses, and high up to the temples.

We find the taking on of coal one of the strangest and most interesting sights we have yet witnessed. From fifty to one hundred women work with the same



STONE LANTERN BY ROADSIDE, NEAR NAGASAKI

number of men, coaling ships. The coaling is done from lighters, and a number of elevated and inclined platforms, resembling stepladders, are affixed to the side of the vessel, reaching from the deck of the lighter to the main deck of the steamer.

The coal is handled in small baskets, holding from thirty to forty pounds. The men and women form in line on the ladder, and the baskets are quickly passed *from the coal-boats, handed to those at the foot of the ladders, who raise them above their heads to those on*

the next step. In this way they are passed upward, from hand to hand, until they reach the deck.

There the baskets are received by other workmen, who empty the contents into the coal pit and throw the empty baskets back into the boats.

The coal dust soon covers the workers from head to foot, but they do not seem to mind. Though the work is very hard, they laugh and chatter and seem as happy as children.

The coaling over, our ship is ready to set sail, and we must take leave of Japan and its interesting people.

FAREWELL TO JAPAN

We are leaving this island empire with an increased feeling of respect and admiration for its people. They are a gentle, childlike race, brave and chivalrous, earnest, ambitious and industrious.

Their language contains no form of oaths or words of abuse. There is not a bad word in their dictionary. That they are most kind and courteous, we know right well, and we take leave of them with the kindest feeling.

Japan is as progressive as China is unprogressive, and has advanced far beyond her once powerful neighbor and enemy. In this the country is being assisted by its young emperor, who is clever and ambitious.

In olden times the emperor knew very little about his subjects, and cared little. He was considered a sacred person, and looked up to almost as a god. This is no longer the case. The emperor now sees much of his people, understands them, and knows their needs. He is anxious to better their condition, to rule wisely,

and make his nation a power in the world. The people are very fond and proud of their young ruler, and his soldiers are among the best trained in the world.

Just think of a little country with a population of but 40,000,000 whipping a powerful nation boasting 400,000,000 people! That is what Japan did in a war with China a few years ago. At one time Japan looked up to China as a leader, but that was before the ports of the former were opened to the United States.

Since that time good schools have been opened; railways and telegraph lines, factories and foundries, have been established. The Japanese now build fine vessels of their own, and manufacture machinery, paper, glass, silk and cotton goods.

Many of the young men of Japan are being educated in the best universities of the United States and Europe, in order that they may gain new ideas which will advance their country. These young men will soon be the leaders of their

nation, and then it will be well for the other nations to keep a sharp lookout. These young Japanese are good fighters, and wide-awake business men as well as good students, and Japan may yet become the ruler of the Pacific.



AN ANCIENT JAPANESE
WARRIOR

JAPANESE PROVERBS

There is no medicine for a fool.

You cannot rivet a nail in potato custard.

He wishes to do both—to eat the poisoned delicacy,
and live.

By searching the old, learn the new.

The rat-catching cat hides her claws.

If you keep a tiger, you will have nothing but trouble.

An ugly woman shuns the looking-glass.

To aim a gun in the darkness is vain.

The more words, the less sense.

Like the peeping of a blind man through a hedge.

A charred stick is easily kindled.

Who steals money is killed; who steals a country is
a king.

If you do not enter the tiger's den, you cannot get
her cub.

In mending the horn, he killed the ox.

Even a monkey sometimes falls from a tree.

Excess of politeness becomes impoliteness.

A blind man does not fear a snake.

Poverty cannot overtake diligence.

If you call down a curse on anyone, look out for
two graves.

While the hunter looks afar after birds, they fly up
and escape at his feet.

Everyone suffers either from his pride or sinfulness.

Even a calamity, left alone for three years, may
turn into a fortune.

No danger of a stone being burned.

Even a running horse needs the whip.

Regard an old man as thy father.

The fortune teller cannot tell his own fortune.

The doctor does not keep himself well.

A narrow-minded man looks at the heavens through
a needle's eye.

The beaten soldier fears even the tops of the tall grass.

JAPANESE

(To be spoken by a small girl in Japanese costume.)

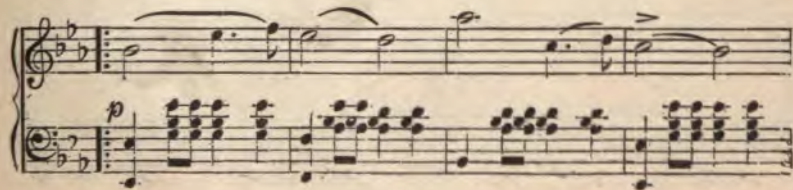
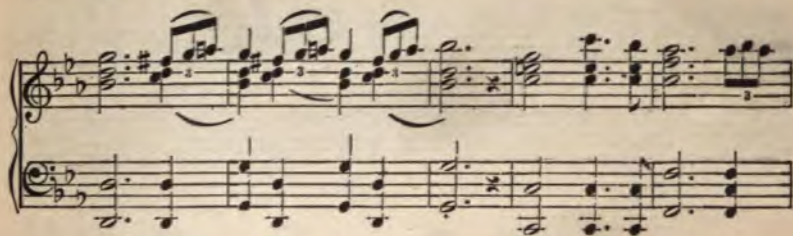
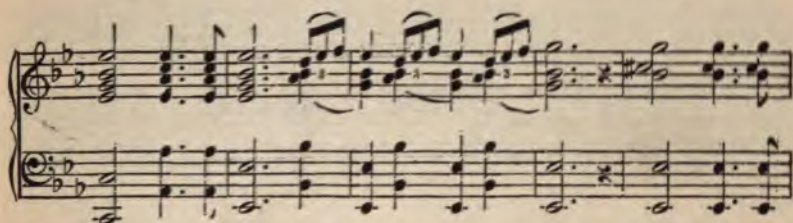
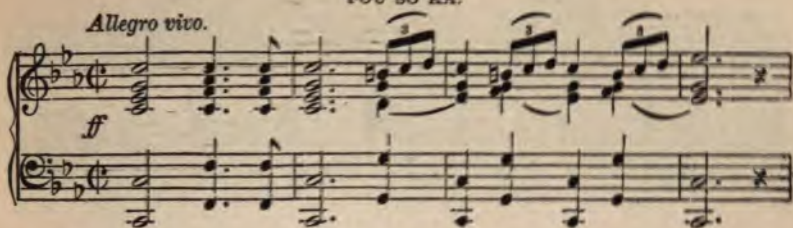
I've come from far-away Japan,
The land of parasol and fan.
Kingdom of sunrise, empire where
Chrysanthemums and quincés are.
The things we do you would call queer;
Our clothes are not like any here.
Our ladies stiffly do their hair,
And stick long pins in here and there.
We wear no shoes within the house,
We walk as quiet as a mouse.
Screens that unfold our rooms divide—
They're large or small—as we decide.
Our stoves, a box of sand; a pot
Hangs o'er its coals of charcoal hot;
And there our rice and fish cook we,
And boil the kettle for our tea.
We sit on mats upon the floor,
At tables two feet high—no more.
Lanterns, but never gas, have we;
We don't like electricity.
We always reverence the old,
And give them honor's place. We're told
That blessings to the house are sent
Wherein the aged are content.
We keep all little children glad,
And never talk of being "mad,"
But always are good little friends,
And so their good time never ends.
With us each one protects the rest;
Is not our way by far the best?
I think it is, and wish that you
Would try that way,—you'd like it, too.

(*Extract from "Japanese," by Lydia Avery Coonley in "Christmas in Other Lands."*)

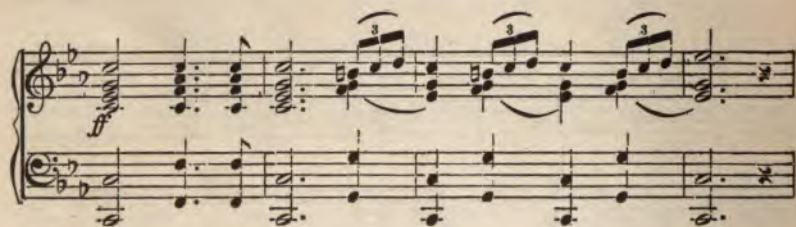
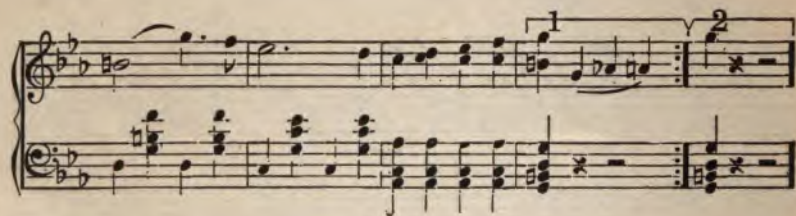
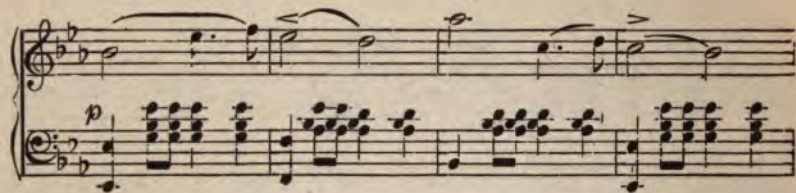
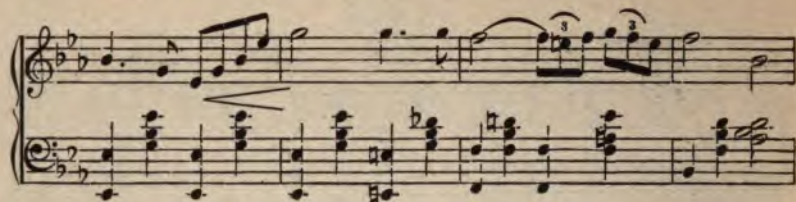
NATIONAL AIR OF JAPAN.

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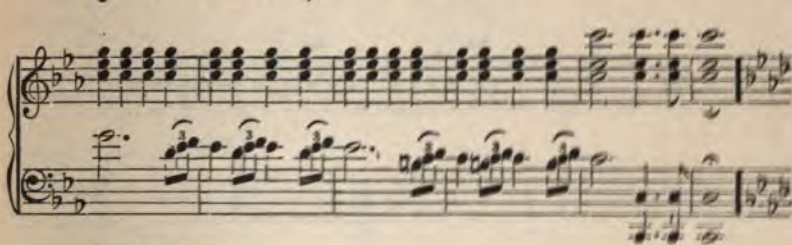
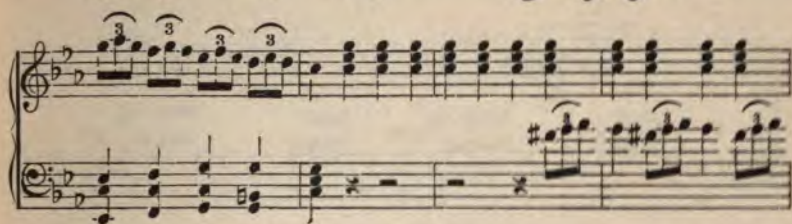
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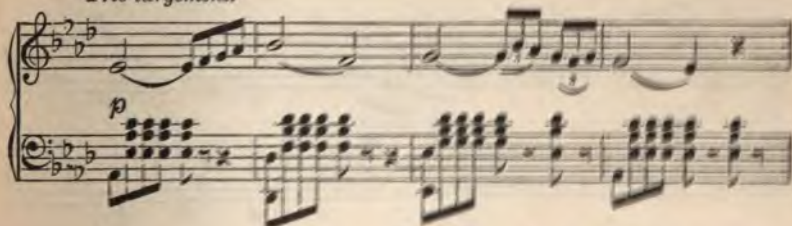
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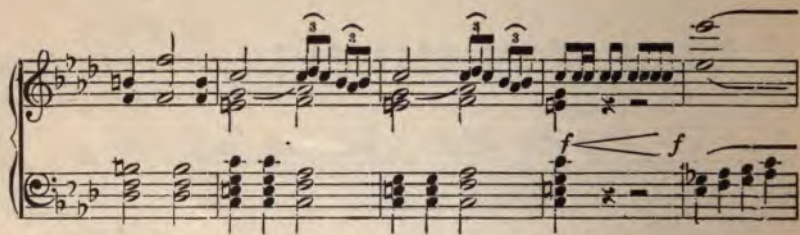
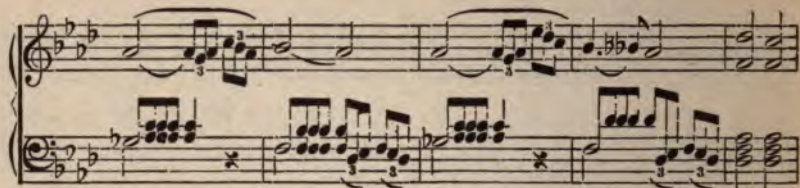
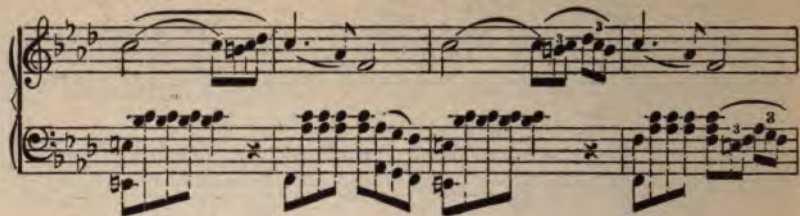
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